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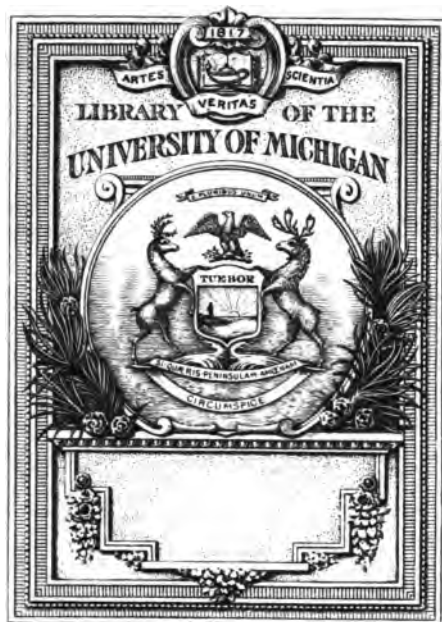
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

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Recent publications, which have revived in large measure the interest in Edward Irving formerly excited

excited by Mrs. Oliphant's Memoir, have but little changed the aspect of the facts as I knew them, and in no degree my opinion of the man; it is enough to say that I have carefully considered all that has been published on the subject.

I have to thank the Editors and Proprietors of Fraser's, Harper's, and the Century Magazines, and of the Theological and Westminster Reviews for permission to reprint the substance of the book.

C. K. P.

MARCH 8, 1883.

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EDWARD IRVING.

1792-1834.

FOR thirty years after Edward Irving's death, until Mrs. Oliphant wrote his life in 1862, his name had passed away from most men's lips, and his memory from their hearts. If by accident mention of him was tossed up on the light froth of daily talk, a few persons present might recall to mind that once, years since, they had gone with the crowd to hear the great Scotch preacher ; that, like many others in the crowd, they had wondered for a moment, and gone their way. It had not occurred to them that the fervid eloquence which stirred them was addressed not merely or chiefly to the throngs that come and go ; that themselves were but the outsiders of a united and permanent body which ever gathered a closer and closer unity ; which, when their teacher was cast out of the communion of his baptism and his orders, became a separate and organic Church, second to none

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none in claims of authority, firmness of discipline, definiteness of doctrine. They fancied that when this great star of oratory set below their horizon he shone no more, whereas in truth it was then his power grew greatest, and the effects of his teaching became most lasting.

An interesting Church of educated men and women hold dearer than their lives the faith in which Irving died; and while the world calls them by Irving's name, they—refusing to call any man on earth Master, and declaring that they hold the Catholic faith in its fulness, and exhibit in its entirety the true ecclesiastical organisation—claim no lower title than the Catholic Apostolic Church. But Irving's memory is enshrined in their heart of hearts as the man through whom chiefly God prepared them, and by whom he led them, in that new revelation, "that new world which is the old." What manner of man, then, was he who seemed once so remarkable to all who saw or heard him, whose life and teaching were of so vast importance to many?

Edward Irving, the son of respectable burgher parents long time established on the shores of the Solway Firth, was born at Annan, August 4th, 1792. His childhood and youth seem to have been in no way remarkable, except that the life of a Scotch lad who is cast, as so many are, on his own

own resources at the age of thirteen into a great city to get himself educated as best he may, is always remarkable compared with the careful fencing round bestowed on English lads of the same age, and long afterwards. His relations both in early life and at Edinburgh with Thomas Carlyle, are now so well known that little need here be said. With proud independence he spent the time between his pupilage and his ministry in teaching, first at Haddington, afterwards at Kirkcaldy. At Haddington he was also private tutor to Miss Welsh, who afterwards became the pupil, then the wife of Thomas Carlyle. It was no doubt the remembrance of his little charge, though in part also the natural chivalry of the man, which made him foster such a spirit of reverence for girlhood among the rough lads of his school, that violent games were suspended as they passed by.

Among his pupils was the daughter of the minister of Kirkcaldy, that Isabella Martin whom he afterwards married, who as child and wife alike was his trusting pupil, and more than this, his friend and counsellor, a brave, true-hearted woman. She at no time, in spite of allegations to the contrary, "contributed to the clouding of his genius," for the simple reason that it blazed bright and unclouded to the end. A single extract from

one

one of her letters tells more of what she was than a volume by any one else. "You know well," writes Mrs. Irving in 1830, "from my feeling and acting in regard to dear Edward, that I am not one who is continually in fear about health, when one is doing the Lord's work."

Irving was all we might expect a Border Scot to be. Strong in mind as in body; keen to contrive and swift to do; fervid in religion, yet always with a certain lawless originality breaking out, to be repressed under authority, when it had, in fact, gained its end; a poet in thought and imagination; outspoken and blunt, yet full of a winning grace and tenderness; magnificent in stature and bearing; handsome in face, had it not been for a remarkable and disfiguring cast in one eye, he would always have been a man of mark:—to these more outward gifts and graces were joined a singularly high tone of morals, a purity, honour, guilelessness, power of love for and belief in men which few ever have and fewer still preserve. He was, as a matter of course, brought up in strict Presbyterianism, a creed and a ritual which seem chill and lifeless to most of us, as would the Thirty-nine Articles and "Cathedral service" to an Italian, which have yet their own poetry, their own enthusiasm, their "noble army of martyrs." Presbyterianism was not to him
that

that modern thing which we for the most see when we turn our eyes northward, looking like a weak and washed-out copy of some of our own phases of Dissent; but it was the faith of the Westminster Divines, with their deep and subtle and abstruse theology, their keen reasoning, their conclusions, from which there was no escape if once their premisses were admitted.

For a clever lad, nurtured as Irving was, and at such a time, but one career was open, and in it he naturally engaged. It would have seemed to him flat blasphemy to say that formulas which had been wide enough for his fathers in the faith could ever prove too narrow for him; even when in after days the Church of Scotland cast him out, he never doubted but that he was adhering to the old ways; his humble estimate of himself never rose to the conception that he had grown too big for "the sharp knots of human creeds." He was ever, in theory, as loyal to his church as he was to his country. The way he loved both, glorified both, idolised both, may be seen in a passage from his *Discourses on Judgment to Come*, published in London in 1823. He writes :

Of my beloved native country, whose sufferings for more than a long century do place her in a station of honour second only to the Waldenses in the militant church, and whose martyrs—alas, that they should have been to episcopal pride

pride and Protestant intolerance !—will rank on the same file with those of Lyons and Alexandria in the primitive church, of her regeneration by the power of religion, I can hardly trust myself to speak. Before that blessed æra she had no arts but the art of war, no philosophy nor literature save her songs of love and chivalry, and little government of law. She was torn and mangled by intestine feuds, enslaved to arbitrary or aristocratic power, in vassalage, in turbulence. Her soil niggard, her climate stern, a desert land of misty lakes and hoary mountains. Yet no sooner did the breath of truth from the living Oracles of God breathe over her, than the wilderness and the solitary plain became glad, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed like the rose. The high-tempered soul of the nation—the “*ingenium per-fervidum Scotorum*”—which had roused itself heretofore to resist invasions of her sacred soil, and spoil the invader’s border, or to rear the front of rebellion, and unloose warfare upon herself, did now arise for the cause of religion and liberty—for the rights of God and the rights of man. And oh, what a demonstration of magnanimity we made ! The pastoral vales and upland heaths which of old were made melodious to the shepherd’s lute, now rung responsive to the glory of God, attuned from the hearts of his persecuted saints. The blood of martyrs mingled with our running brooks ; their hallowed bones now moulder in peace within their silent tombs, which are dressed by the reverential hands of the pious and patriotic people. And their blood did not cry in vain to heaven for vengeance. Their persecutors were despoiled ; the guilty race of kings were made vagabonds upon the earth. The church arose in her purity like a bride decked for the bridegroom ; religious principles chose to reside within the troubled land, and they brought moral virtues in their train, and begot a national character for industry and enterprise, for every domestic and public virtue, which maketh her children ever an acceptable people in the four quarters of the earth.

No

No doubt the passionate love of country has led the writer into a great exaggeration in the last sentence. All Scotchmen are not like Edward Irving, and Englishmen at least have not always found them an acceptable people; but we can easily understand how one who wrote and felt thus could, when life opened before him, think no calling higher and more blessed than that of a minister in the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland.

Yet it was long before employment opened to him, and he thought seriously of becoming a missionary. Dr. Chalmers, however, seeking a curate while Irving was waiting, hoping, and at times desponding, in Edinburgh, heard him preach, and after some deliberation on both sides Irving became his curate at St. John's Church, Glasgow. This was in October 1819, when he was seven-and-twenty.

He startled and awed the good people of Glasgow, more, however, by his appearance and manner than his sermons. "Mem," said an excited servant girl, "there's a wonderful grand gentleman called, I think he maun be a Highland chief." "*That* Mr. Irving," said another, "I took him for a cavalry officer." "People," reported a third, "say he's like a brigand chief." He blessed each house as he entered it—"Peace be to this house." He laid his hands on the children with the words, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." But
though

though his labours from house to house were unceasing, though all brought face to face with him loved him, in the pulpit he was unrecognised, and he felt it, and accepted it with the touching humility which marked his whole career. "This congregation is almost the first in which our preaching was tolerated; we know, on the other hand, that our imperfections have not been hid from your eyes." He was not as yet at ease in the pulpit; his style was laboured and formal. That wonderful force and beauty which marked his musical sentences in after days was not yet present. A few looked on him with exceeding admiration, but neither the congregation nor Chalmers himself gave him cordial acceptance.

Once again that missionary scheme rose before him; he would go as went the Apostles of old, with like fervour, like poverty, to meet, if need be, like martyrdom. The ideal of such a life was ever present with him, was put out in a sermon some two years later which shook the religious world. Had he gone, men might have seen a missionary like St. Francis Xavier, whose work would have been indeed hard to fit into the dreary dullness of "reports of missions." At that time, however, the committee of the Caledonian Church in London offered him the ministry, then vacant, of their congregation. This seemed a call
from

from God, and was obeyed as such. He was not yet a fully ordained minister, and he chose for this ceremony of orders the church of Annan, where he had been baptized. He little thought that in that same church ten years later such orders as he then received should be recalled by the presbytery that conferred them.

Whoever has heard of Irving has heard what followed his appearance in London. A short period of quiet ministry to his few sheep in that great wilderness, his appreciation by Sir James Mackintosh and Canning, and then the flood of people who thronged the little chapel, and whose carriages blocked the streets around it, are matters known to all. None can wonder at this popularity. There are passages in the earliest book he published—*Orations on the Oracles of God*, and a *Discourse on Judgment to Come*—which are scarcely surpassed, if indeed they are surpassed, in eloquence even by Jeremy Taylor. They have not, it is true, Taylor's profusion of learning, but the style flows more freely for that very want. Irving's published works are so little known that another passage may well be quoted from this remarkable book, in order to show what was the eloquence which enthralled a vast congregation during the *hours* while he preached. He speaks of those "who confound the foresight of death
with

with a fearfulness of death," and think but little of God and the end :

And here I would try these flush and flashy spirits with their own weapons, and play a little with them at their own game. They do but prate about their exploits at fighting, drinking, and death despising. I can tell them of those who fought with savage beasts—yea, of maidens who durst enter as coolly as a modern bully into the ring, to take their chance with infuriated beasts of prey ; and I can tell them of those who drank the molten lead as cheerfully as they do the juice of the grape, and handled the red fire and played with the bickering flames as gaily as they do with love's dimples and woman's amorous tresses. And what do they talk of war ? Have they forgot Cromwell's iron band who made their chivalry to skip ; or the Scots Cameronians, who seven times, with their Christian chief, received the thanks of Marlborough, that first of English captains ? or Gustavus of the North, whose camp sung psalms in every tent ? It is not so long that they should forget Nelson's Methodists, who were the most trusted of that hero's crew. Poor men, they know nothing who do not know out of their country's history who it was that set at nought the wilfulness of Henry VIII. and the sharp rage of the virgin Queen against liberty, and bore the black cruelty of her popish sister, and presented the Petition of Rights and the Bill of Rights and the claim of rights. Was it chivalry ? Was it blind bravery ? No ; these second-rate qualities may do for a pitched field or a fenced ring ; but when it comes to death or liberty, death or virtue, death or religion, they wax dubious, generally bow their necks under hardship, or turn their backs for a bait of honour or a mess of solid and substantial meat.

Or again :

I greatly fear that the modern contraction of the Gospel into the span of one or two ideas, this promulgation of it as
if

if it were a drawling monotony of sweetness, a lullaby for a baby spirit, with no music of mighty feeling, nor swells of grandeur, nor declensions of deepest pathos, nor thrilling themes of terror; as if it were a thing for a shepherd's love-sick lute, or a sentimentalist's *Æolian* harp, instead of being for the great organ of human thought and feeling, through all the stops and pipes of this various world; I say, I fear greatly lest this strain of preaching Christ, the most feeble and ineffectual that the Christian world has ever heard, should have lulled many into a quietus of the soul, under which they are resting sweetly from searching inquiry into their personal estate, and will pass composedly through death into the awful judgment.

Now, what difference is it whether the active spirit of a man is laid asleep by the comfort of the holy wafer and extreme unction, to be his viaticum and passport into heaven, or by the constant charm of a few words sounded and sounded and eternally sounded about Christ's efficiency to save? In the holy name of Christ and the three times holy name of God have they declared aught to men, or are they capable of declaring aught to men, which should not work upon men the desire and the power of holiness? Why, then, do I hear the constant babbling about simple reliance and simple dependence upon Christ, instead of most scriptural and sound-minded calls to activity and perseverance after every perfection? And oh! they will die mantled in their vain delusion, as the Catholic dies; and when the soothing voice of their consolatory teacher is passed into inaudible distance, conscience will arise with pensive reflection and pale fear, her two daughters, to take an account of the progress and exact advancement of the mind.

No wonder that words like these drew crowds to hear him, and at the same time excited strong antagonism; no wonder, also, that unceasing
daily

daily work among the members of his flock knit them closely to himself in bonds of love.

In the second year of his London work, the same in which he published the *Oration*s, he married Isabella Martin. She was worthy of such a husband. His faithful companion and friend in all sorrows, sharer of his deepest thoughts in the deaths of hopeful children tried again and again, believing to the utmost all, and more than all, that Edward Irving did before he died, she grew to seem to some who knew her but slightly, and that not long before her own death, a beautiful, saintly soul, living a life almost supernatural in the depth of its faith.

Irving's home affections had always been very strong. "There are no women now," he once wrote, "like my mother." He always observed the death-day of a dear brother as a solemn fast. Stronger than ever ran the current of home love when turned into a yet deeper channel. His letters to his wife are beyond quotation : it seems almost a profanation of such wedded love to have published them at all. Nor is it well to cite his words over his children's early graves ; there are chords too sacred to strike lightly, and too solemn when stricken aright, to be heard anywhere but in a book of devotion. To this holy home came many in sorrow and suffering, and the hearts
of

of Irving and his wife were ever open to them. There gathered round him also a circle of pious-hearted men, who studied with him and prayed with him ; and among these came Henry Drummond, leading and being led by him, ever his faithful friend, one day to become an apostle and leader in the Catholic Apostolic Church. His congregation soon outgrew the little church in Hatton-garden, and in 1827 they entered into possession of a new church in Regent-square, of which one thousand sittings were rented at once ; and with this move Edward Irving rose to the height of his fame.

The time had now come when, conscious of his own powers, as is every great man, full of a fervid and passionate religion, recognised as teacher by a large and increasing congregation, the common-places of ordinary Scotch theology could not satisfy one who held so high an ideal of his calling. The Christian world has at all times been divided between two schools of thought, which, whatever those names once meant, may on the whole be marked by the terms Catholic and Protestant. The Catholic holds that on earth there exists a society which is at once divinely inspired, yet only so inspired as to interpret truth once given, and final, which is the same through all the ages, unchanging as God himself, though
changing

changing, as he does, the modes of her manifestation. As the living witness of God in the world, the secret things of God are in great measure no secrets to her. His wondrous and unexpected workings which men call miracles, are in a degree in her hands; the spirits and souls of the righteous, though gone before, are not parted from her body; her fixed and steady gaze, enlightened by Scripture—of which she is the guardian and interpreter—by tradition, by revelations and visions from the unseen world, is able to penetrate the gloom which hangs over the state after death, to map out the dim future land, and, indeed, by the power of faith, to believe it more real than those things which are seen. She is the dictatrix of conscience, the watchful keeper of the souls of men. The Roman Church has ever been the chief asserter of this Catholic faith, though it is obvious the tone of mind we have described may exist quite independently of many subordinate Roman doctrines.

The Protestant, on the contrary, can look to no body of men as the exponent of his opinions. To talk of the Protestant Church is to talk nonsense. The Protestant holds that his own private judgment is the test of truth, truth at least so far as it can be known by man. He will cultivate his intellect and his judgment so far as he can, but
none

none shall dictate to him what he shall believe. Of the nature of things unseen he *knows* nothing ; he will bring a calm, patient criticism to bear on all points presented to him ; will sift and examine the Scriptures with more regard to modern science than old tradition, will be quite content to live a sceptic, in the good sense of the word, cheerfully, hopefully, and, in his way, faithfully doing his duty. The consistent *religious* Protestant can seldom be found, and most men not avowed Roman Catholics, are members of some church which contrives to reconcile some part of the Catholic faith, with some portion of Protestant scepticism, Protestant free inquiry. The Church of England is eminently such a compromise, and had Edward Irving's lot been cast within her pale, no doubt he would have been among the foremost in that great Catholic movement of which the throes were felt when he first became a religious leader. For his was a thoroughly Catholic mind. His reverence for antiquity, his respect for authority, his love of power ; his hereditary faith in the letter of the Bible, its inspiration, its miracles ; his poetic taste, his yearning pursuit of the ideal, all led him to cling to such Catholic doctrines, such shadows of Catholic rites, as the Church of Scotland retained, and to shrink away from her chilly Protestantism without vigour or life, save in its fear of Rome, with which he cordially

cordially agreed. So week by week his teaching assumed higher ground, he stood before his people rather a priest than a minister. Week by week, along with doctrines of which we will presently speak, the full Catholic faith on the subject of baptism and the like was put forward more prominently, more and more he taught as one having authority, and not as the recognised scribes. Yet, leader as he was, he could not but drink deep of the spirit of his age, and this too, equally with the bent of his own mind, drew him back towards Catholic antiquity. But the current of thought which swept men backward, was after all but one of the many influences then at work. Since the Reformation, nothing has so deeply stirred the world as the French Revolution, and all it brought. Men's faith in the stability of things was rudely shaken when they saw ancient monarchies blotted out, and new men from among the people seated on sacred thrones. An empire like that of Nebuchadnezzar rose to the terror of the nations; its ruler fell, and they were scarcely less afraid. For prophetic words in the Scriptures, spoken, indeed, on a like occasion, seemed to such as saw these events to have been meant for no times but theirs. Surely they saw the blood, and the fire, and the vapour of smoke, Lucifer falling from heaven, and the stars darkened in the sky. As they read, they
grew

grew to suspect, and then to make sure that the end of all things was at hand; other signs were wanting, and of course were not long wanting. Earnest men prayed for the gifts of the Spirit, such as had been given at Pentecost; and straight-way were rumours of strange tongues, of prophecies, and of miracles. There was a time of painful uncertainty in Irving's mind what course could be pursued, so that on the one hand the Spirit's utterance should not be checked, and on the other, that solemn worship should not be interrupted. Happily there was a text for the occasion. "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets," and special times and services were set forth, at which these old-new gifts should be manifested without hindrance. It is on this portion of Irving's life that most attacks which affect his character have been directed. His popularity, said and say some, was waning, and unconsciously, few could dare to say consciously, he resorted to expedients like these to win back his estranged flock. But the exact opposite was the truth, now generally recognised. His wonderful success as a pulpit orator had never dazzled him. No man whom vanity ensnares pursues the quiet tenor of his way as did Irving. When his name was mentioned in the House of Commons by Canning, when the carriages of the great and noble blocked up the streets round

round his church, when he might have been a "lion" out of as well as in the pulpit, and have justified to himself the going to seek those great men and deepen the impression he had made ; then his ministrations to his own steady congregation of worthy middle and lower class of people were redoubled, his home life grew still more beautiful, his tastes more simple, his relaxations fewer. To call a class round him in the early dawn of morning, and build them up in the faith, was the most blessed duty ; a stroll through the quieter streets at evening, with one of his babies in his arms and his wife by his side, the chiefest pleasure of him whose head was supposed to be turned by the crowds that came to hear him.

The charge of fanaticism is an easy one to bring. It is not easy to refute till one knows the religious condition of those who bring it. We are all apt to think the faith and actions of those who have a higher or even a different standard than ours, highflown and unreal. If Edward Irving had to bear the charge, if his family and the Church he built up have still to hear him called fanatic, and to take a share in the opprobrium, he and they bear it at least in worthy company, for the long list of those whom the world has called so may be traced back to the noble army of martyrs, to the glorious company of the apostles, to One greater still than these.

But

But to believe in miracles, tongues, prophecy, what can we say to these things? On miracles there have ever been two extreme opinions, which for convenience sake we may again call Catholic and Protestant. That through all ages holy men have worked wonders by God's power, exerted in that precise way in each only act, that this power culminated in Christ, has been by his Spirit continued in the Church, to be exerted from time to time as God shall please, is no doubt Catholic teaching. That God always works in the same way, orderly and surely, that the same causes always produce the same effects; that his work is good, and that a miracle would be a sign of previous imperfection; that therefore all seeming miracles can be explained, or will hereafter be explained, by known laws, is the extreme Protestant view. Those who shrink from either of these extremes limit miraculous agency to the lives of the Apostles, or at least to those of the men who had known them, to what is generally called the apostolic age. This is, of course, an obvious and a plausible theory, and men may be quite right in holding it, since it solves many an unanswerable difficulty; but at the same time it is one which has no shadow of proof, and rests upon a pure assumption. It is obvious that the Roman Church with regard to prophecy and tongues adopts the same

same course that most Protestant bodies pursue with miracles, restricts them to a certain time. With tongues there is this further difficulty, that unaided men, knowing so little as we do of the ritual and organisation of the Corinthian Church, have not, nor can have, clear notions of what indeed they were.

Irving carried out to their true conclusion Catholic premisses with regard to all three. His soul spurned the notion of a compromise in regard to religious truth. We are most of us content with it. Our opinions often run on side by side, contradicting each other, and we are unconscious of the contradiction. This perhaps is well for us, but we have no right to scorn and charge with folly one who carried out to their logical extreme premisses which we in part, and a vast number of Christians wholly, admit. Another point on which Irving held strong opinions was one where he and his followers by no means stood alone. He looked for the personal and immediate coming of Christ in glory, as that which all Christians ought to expect, for which they should long and pray. Theoretically the whole Church believes this. Each Advent preachers work themselves up into a sort of half reality, when they say they look for the return of the Lord. They do not choose to contradict their habitual assertions about inspiration by
honestly

honestly confessing the Apostles were mistaken, and misunderstood their Master's words. Yet practically they act as men who say, "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were."

But Irving trusted to his Lord's coming with a daily recurring sense of want and disappointment; he yearned for him with the longing like that with which men watch for the sails of the ship which shall bring "their friends up from the under world." He and the Church were only half themselves without that human companionship—that Divine personal government. Here, again, his strong, hale, consistent mind held as a living faith what thousands more held as a vague and expiring tradition.

Yet, wholly clear as Irving may be from the charges so recklessly brought against him, it seems equally certain that he was departing widely from the teaching of any known communion. Though the Creeds are the standards of Christian doctrine, unwritten symbols, and still more narrowing shibboleths limit and must for ever limit for bodies of men the interpretation of these Creeds and the mutual interdependence of their dogmas. It came to pass, therefore, that while all men saw that Irving had in truth ceased to be a true and consistent member and minister of the Presbyterian Church, it was
hard

hard to prove that his teaching on any point contravened her known standards and tests. But that the congregation over which he presided was in a state of ferment, disorganisation, and chaos, was apparent, and the dissatisfaction felt with his teaching passed beyond the bounds of his congregation, and beyond the country he had now made his home.

It is necessary to anticipate events in some degree, in order to show how Irving's vehement words and unusual doctrine stirred the authorities of his Church, acting through the only body which had the requisite authority over him.

An unmeasured censure passed by him on the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland led to retaliation. That Assembly had rejected what seemed to Irving vital truth, and to it he would hold henceforth "no relationship but that of open and avowed enmity."

The Presbytery of Annan summoned him before them to answer a charge of heresy on the doctrine of our Lord's humanity, and he obeyed the summons. None could doubt the end; and in that church of his native town where he had received from man the call to the ministry among men, he was deposed from his office; and however a priest of God, ceased to be a minister of the Scotch Church.

Church. For a few days his voice was heard on the hill-sides and the sands, denouncing the Church which had cast him out, and proclaiming the coming of the Lord ; then leaving the excited multitudes who listened, he turned back to his own work and his own church in London.

There is no need to discuss at length the difficult point of doctrine on which the Presbytery of Annan decided that he was heretical. In this, as in all like cases, the point tried was not that really at issue. Had Irving remained true to the shibboleths of the Church of Scotland in more ostensible matters, no doubt he might have said what seemed to him good to say on the question of the Lord's humanity. But though the points which most irritated them were points of discipline, heretical opinions alone could shake Irving's position as one who held orders in the Church of Scotland, and therefore they found him to be heretical, as who would not be found were his every word sifted by careful enemies? for, as said the late Father Faber the Oratorian, "It is a very easy thing for a man to go wrong in spiritual theology, and to stray into the shadow of condemned propositions." Though we will not discuss the question, it is but fair to let the accused speak for himself :

The point at issue is simply this—whether Christ's flesh had the grace of sinlessness and incorruption from its proper nature,

nature, or from the indwelling of the Holy Ghost ; I say the latter. I assert that in its proper nature it was as the flesh of His Mother, but by virtue of the Holy Ghost quickening and inhabiting it, it was preserved sinless and incorruptible. This work of the Holy Ghost, I further assert, was done in consequence of the Son's humbling Himself to be made flesh. The Son said " I come," the Father said " I prepare thee a body to come in," and the Holy Ghost prepared that body out of the Virgin's substance ; and so by the threefold acting of the Trinity was the Christ constituted, a Divine and a human nature joined in personal union for ever.

Those who follow here would soon get beyond their depth. If, however, we free the question at issue from wrappages, and get to Irving's " simply this," it would certainly seem that, given the ordinary creeds of Christendom, his doctrine is more in accordance with common sense than that of his opponents, though perhaps it may be thought that common sense might be a dangerous power if once admitted into the province of theology. Yet with admiration for Irving, it is possible to be too hard on the orthodox party. It would never do that any man, even any teacher of men, should, while accredited by any congregation or church, be allowed to open up *de novo* received truths. The allowance of such a step by a church would in most cases be the signing its own death-warrant. Men must take much for granted which has never been granted, as proved which has never been proved, if they will have a definite creed and church

church at all ; and it requires a severe mental effort and a possible loss of much which is entwined with one's whole life, to follow the lead of a bold innovator in religion. The blessing of being an *accredited* teacher is so great, the reformer can trace so well his own developed faith as growing out of that in which he has been nurtured, that he is quite right in clinging to the church which seeks to expel him ; yet in nine cases out of ten he knows he is setting at naught all precious traditions, and he sees as a quite possible end his complete severance from his party. Far too much has been made of this danger of stifling God's truth, since agreement or non-agreement with certain human formulas is after all the only test which man can apply.

Before, however, the crisis came, the new church had already risen up in spite of, though out of the body of London Presbyterians, which could confer on Irving, as he considered, higher orders than those he forfeited, and holding an authority yet more divine.

In common with many others brought up in various churches and schools of thought, he had long been searching into the meaning of what was called unfulfilled prophecy. There are those who even now busy themselves with such sacred riddles, but they are not men of mark ; saner and soul-
views

views have taken the place of those which degraded the prophet to the level of the Pythian priestess, and made the man of spiritual insight, who should tell forth eternal laws, into a mere soothsayer gifted with second-sight. Then, however, almost all men believed that modern history was enwrapped in these ancient oracles ; that with the right key, could one only find it, the secret of modern days politically and socially so confused would open to the diligent student of prophecy. And since almost all prophets had spoken of a day of God to dawn upon a darkened people, since Christ and his apostles had spoken of his second coming, what could these confusions mean, but that the day of the Lord was at hand, and a return of Christ in glory ?

With such expectations, earnest students of their Bibles met year after year at Albury, the house of the late Mr. Drummond, and what they saw they found, for in Biblical studies Carlyle's dictum is pre-eminently true, that the eye only sees that which it brings with it the power of seeing. The study of prophecy became the fashion among religious people, the signs of the last days were eagerly expected, and as a matter of course they were not long withheld.

But this close study of the Bible gave rise to another train of thought. The phenomena which
now

now were recurring had taken place in apostolic days, it would seem as if they belonged to a pure and true condition of the Church, from which she had fallen. Would not God restore the perfect and complete condition of the Church before Christ came again to receive her to himself? Tongues, prophets, apostles, all followed in a natural order, and the word once more was confirmed by signs following. This may seem at first sight absurd, but surely from the orthodox stand-point there should be a very strong case for all these. If prophecy is indeed a foretelling, when was the power withdrawn? If God's laws were once reversed by miracles, when did miracles cease? The account of the speaking in tongues in the Corinthian Church, leads to the impression that it was an ecstatic, and to the multitude incomprehensible utterance; the supposition that the apostles were an order of men intended to continue stands on nearly or quite as good grounds as the declaration of the Church of England, that "it is evident unto all men diligently reading the Holy Scripture and ancient authors, that from the apostles' time there have been three orders of ministers in Christ's church; bishops, priests and deacons." For men's sins these apostles, who alone could fit the church for Christ, had been withdrawn; now perhaps they would be restored in answer to prayer, before the coming of the

the Lord. And since prayer has a wonderful tendency to beget an answer to itself, restored they were, before men had prayed for them long.

It is not necessary to go into the history of the gradual outpouring of the gifts, or of the restoration of the apostles, and the organisation of the Church. This only may be said by one who has given much patient thought to the subject for many years and who speaks with intimate knowledge of many early members of the Catholic Apostolic Church, that all notion of imposture or impiety in connection with this movement may be dismissed once for all. But on the opinion we may form of the manifestations, soberly considered, will depend our opinion of apostolic and all miracles, all prophecy, all ecstasy, whether of Mary Campbell, or of St. Paul raised in spirit to heaven.

However these gifts and manifestations fell into their natural places in a new church after apostles were "restored," it is obvious that speaking with tongues was strangely incongruous with the decorous dulness of Presbyterian ritual. Hence the scandal had been great when the revival passed into the Regent-square church, *after* sermons from its pastor on the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit. His own struggle was serious between his belief that these manifestations were of God, and his desire of order in public worship.

But

But it could end only in one way. It was impossible to "resist God." The tongues and prophetic utterances became more and more frequent, the alarm of the Presbytery greater, and the doors of his church were at last for ever closed against him in the first week in May 1832. Though the Presbytery were not with him, he was followed by almost his whole church, consisting of eight hundred communicants, to whom he continued still to minister as a clergyman of the Scotch Church. He had ceased to hold office in Regent-square, but his orders were still intact, nor was it pretended his acts were such as to call for his deposition, however discordant they may have been with time-honoured ritual arrangement.

The congregation, after some wanderings, found refuge in a picture gallery in Newman-street, their home for many years. Here it was that the organisation and ceremonies began to set aside the old Presbyterian forms, and gain somewhat of Catholic magnificence. Here it was that by the voice of prophecy six apostles were called out to rule the church before Mr. Irving's death. Mr. Irving was not called as an apostle, nor was he a prophet, nor did he speak with tongues; but he remained as he had ever been, the chief pastor of that congregation, the Angel, as the minister in charge of each church began to be called. He was not shelved in any degree, nor slighted, and though

though the details of what took place were ordered by others on prophecy, yet the whole was what he had prayed for and foreseen, as necessary in his estimation to the perfectness of the Church. So in ordering and building up his people under, as it seemed to him, the immediate direction of the Holy Spirit, passed the rest of that year. In the Spring of 1833 he was summoned before the Presbytery of Annan, which had ordained him, on the old charge of heresy, and on that ground he was deposed, as has been already narrated. Irving, though he struggled to the last, was neither surprised nor indeed displeased by the result, and the statement made by Mrs. Oliphant in her *Life* is inaccurate.

The account which has been generally received of the circumstances which then took place is as follows :

Deposed by his mother church, he returned to Newman-street, was received, not with extraordinary honours as a martyr, but with an immediate interdict . . . forbidding him to exercise any priestly function, to administer sacraments, or to assume anything out of the province of a deacon, the lowest office in the newly formed church. One of his relations writes with affectionate indignation that he was not permitted even to preach except in those less sacred assemblies in which the outer world of unbelievers was admitted to meet the church, but in the church itself sat silent, deprived of his office. . . . Such an inconceivable indignity, according to all human rules, did the spiritual authorities whom his constant and steadfast faith had made masters of the flock

flock put upon their former leader. Accordingly those lingering March days glided on through all the oft devotions of the church; the prophets spoke and the elders ruled, but in the midst of them Irving sat silent, listening wistfully, if perhaps the voice from heaven might come to restore him to that office which was the vocation of his life. At last, while he sat in the lowest place, the utterance once more called the forlorn but dauntless warrior to take up his arms.

But the dates of the occurrences thus described demand special attention. Edward Irving was deposed by the Presbytery of Annan, on March 15th, 1833. He returned to his church in Newman-street on Saturday, March 23rd, resumed his ministry, and was never removed from it, but a few days after his return, Sunday, March 31st, when about to receive a child into the Church, he was stayed by one of the newly-called Apostles, and desired to wait till he had been re-ordained. Edward Irving stopped the service, and taking off his gown, threw it behind him, exclaiming, 'Thank God, I am free from the trammels of men.' He did not baptize or consecrate the Eucharistic bread and wine till after his admission to the Episcopate, which took place the very next Friday, April 5th, 1833. During the time of pause, however, he continued to teach and preach as usual. There was therefore no period of mournful silence during which he waited to speak, nor was his recognition for a moment doubtful.

And

And it will be easily seen that if his people had followed his own teaching about the priesthood, that he whose priesthood had been taken from him by the authority which gave it him, was not justified in assuming priestly functions. It was as natural that he should be stopped, as that he should forget for the moment that, on his own showing, he had no right to baptize. Here is his own account of the transaction, written to a friend a few days after his reordination :

I sit down to record for your praise and thanksgiving, and that of your church, the doings of the Lord in the midst of us during these days past. On the Lord's day before the last (March 31), when, as usual during the forenoon service, I proceeded to receive into the Church the child of one of the members, who had been baptized at home during sickness, and had desired the father to stand forth, the Lord, by the mouth of His Apostle, arrested my hand, saying that we must tarry for awhile. Though I wist not wherefore this was done I obeyed, and desired the father to postpone it. Then the Lord further signified it was His wish we should know, and the whole Church feel, our destitute condition, and cry unto Him for the ordinances from heaven. Then I discerned that He had indeed acknowledged the act of the fleshly church, taking away the fleshly thing, and that He was minded in His grace to take us under His own heavenly care, and constitute us into a Church directly in the hands of the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls ; for He commanded us to rejoice, and confirmed our souls with words of prophecy, assuring us that He would build the house, saying unto Jerusalem, "Thou shalt be built," and to the Temple, "Thy foundation shall be laid." We did accordingly take heart and sing "When Israel out of Egypt came."

This

This certainly does not read like the words of one who was over grieved for the past, or over doubtful of the future. They show also a frank and full recognition of the rites and ceremonial which were growing up within his church, fostered or even induced in part by his teaching, and in part by causes quite without his own circle of working. Here may be quoted the words of one who, knowing that of which he speaks, has been good enough to give information on this point. He says :

Edward Irving fully and joyfully accepted all the measures of development which took place in the doctrine, discipline, and ritual of the congregation over which he was called to preside.

The doctrine was that contained in the three Creeds of the Catholic Church, and he prominently set forth the true humanity of our Lord as testified to in the Athanasian Creed. From the fact that our Lord took the nature common to all men, he deduced the doctrine of universal redemption, affirming that all flesh had been redeemed by the Lord, and that the condemnation of the condemned would be that they had loved darkness rather than light, and refused to believe the record of God concerning His Son. Further, the personal coming and kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Also, that the gift of the Holy Ghost given to Christ by the Father, and communicated by Him to His Apostles on the day of Pentecost, still remains in the Christian Church, and only needs a repentant, prayerful, and prepared spirit in order to His manifestation in all holy gifts.

Further, that God had restored apostles and prophets, had called and ordained angels or bishops, elders or priests, and deacons. And he recognised that many men and women

were

were speaking in the power of the Holy Ghost in his own and other congregations at that time assembling.

As to Ritualism, all the worship of the Church was extempore, but the outline of the Eucharist Service, and the daily morning and evening worship, had been given to and received by Edward Irving on the authority of apostles. . . No vestments were worn ; no forms of prayer were used ; no incense was offered ; no symbolic lights were used.

If it be assumed that God had raised up apostles and prophets, and was setting His Church in order, it seems evident that a gradual return to discipline and right service was the only safe and fatherly mode of dealing. Scotch Presbyterians were naturally opposed to Episcopacy, priestly investments, liturgies, and all reverent forms of worship. They sat to sing, they stood to pray, and did not kneel even to receive the bread and wine in the Supper of the Lord. . . . To those engaged in this work it has seemed to be by slow degrees that the present order, discipline, and service have been developed.

Little need be added to this sketch. It is difficult to see the oak in the acorn ; not less difficult to believe that the present ritual and organisation of the Catholic Apostolic Church has grown from such small beginnings. Yet those who best knew Edward Irving's mind—his widow, his son, his daughters—all followed, and the survivor follows, every detail of the development which has since taken place. We may at least believe there is in it nothing contrary to his teaching, his wishes, his faith.

With his deposition at Annan, and his calling to a bishopric, or office of angel, in London, his
storm-

storm-tossed life drew near to its close. In the next year, worn out by constant and excessive work, he set out on a tour through Wales, northward to Scotland, walking even then in the shadow of the coming death. He wrestled with death, for he could not yet believe he must go to meet his Lord. He yet clung to the hope that to him, to the waiting Church, that Lord would come in glory. But at Liverpool he wrote for his wife, feeling, though he would not say so, that his end was coming fast. Together the husband and wife revisited Glasgow, and there, in the scene of his earliest ministerial work, the strong man, vanquished at last, laid down to rest. "If I die, I die into the Lord. Amen," were the last words that they who watched by him could hear.

A noble life ended thus, and it ended, as so many others have done, in success or in failure, according to the point from which we view it. Failure, if Mr. Carlyle's estimate be true, "Ever wilder waxed the confusion without and within. The misguided, noble-minded had now nothing left to do but die." Failure, if orthodoxy on the Scotch pattern is the desirable and beautiful thing many Scotchmen deem it. Failure, if to find when death comes, one mistake in belief, while in all other respects, the soul is comforted in the calmness of an absolute trust. But if to build up

a great congregation in singular devotion of life and purity of morals be good ; if amid temptation to vanity and pride, and lust of power, it be noble to keep a heart simple and leal as that of a little child ; if to have left on men's memories, even of those who differ most widely, an impression of rare personal holiness, is to succeed, then Edward Irving's life was no failure.

In these stormy times, when much that is old is passing away, and much faith that is new still unfixed ; when men's hearts look anxiously on those things that are coming on the earth ; when darkness as of old wraps from many the mountain whereon God dwells, it is no light thing to have set before us the life and character of one who, filled with the deepest love to God and man, hoped, endured, and *believed* even unto the end.

“ Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace—
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.”

JOHN KEBLE.

1792-1870.

WERE there no other reason for interest in Mr. Keble's life, the precise space of time it fills would give an importance to that of any prominent English clergyman. For the years during which he was known are almost exactly coincident with the Tractarian movement from its rise to its passage into another phase, known by another nickname. The son of a Gloucestershire vicar, he grew up in a school of High-church theology, into which not many of the most earnest men were born, and his views to the end were unchanged, save in the way of a gradual development. When the Evangelical or Puritan vigour had wakened into action the High-churchmanship which had been slumbering, Keble, in the prime of life, was ready to take an eager part in the strife; he died when Tractarianism had become Ritualism, when the controversies were passing into

into a stage he had not foreseen, and in which he was not entirely one in heart with the leaders of the new movement. There is, indeed, no reason to doubt that, like his friend, Dr. Pusey, he would, on the whole, have accepted the legitimate issue of the principles for which he had contended; but we may be thankful that the sweet singer whose poems were specially designed to "exhibit the soothing tendency of the Prayer Book," was not mixed up with questions about its interpretation so infinitely more trivial than those for which he had had to stir angry controversies.

The events of Mr. Keble's life were so few and take up so small space in the telling, that they may here shortly be repeated, since the narrative will form a string on which to hang the remarks to be made on his character and works. He was born in the spring of 1792, at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, his father being the incumbent of Coln St. Aldwin's, a village three miles distant. From that father he learned all that he knew before he went to Oxford, for he never was at school, and was so well taught that he gained a Corpus scholarship, even in those days a considerable distinction, before he was fifteen years old; from his father he learnt also to be, what he continued to be, a Churchman of a strongly marked type, of the school represented by Hooker, whose works
he

he edited, and Bishop Wilson, of Sodor and Man, whose life he wrote. His godfather was the Rev. Stafford Smith, rector of Fladbury, and a curious link was thus formed with another distinguished writer. Mr. Stafford Smith's first wife was the widow of Bishop Warburton, the author of *The Divine Legation of Moses*; she was a lady of considerable culture, and full of traditions of the society in which her husband had lived.

Of the undergraduate days at Corpus there is little to say; it is interesting to think that Coppleston, Coleridge, Arnold, grew together from boyhood into manhood, but the record of the hours of one studious set is much the same as that of another. To those who know the inexpressible charm of an University life of the better kind, there is no need to say a word; for those who do not, it would be presumptuous to attempt to draw what has so often been described, and always without success. The sum of Keble's youthful career and its immediate result can best be given in Dr. Newman's words: "Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honours of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country." This work was the serving one and sometimes more curacies near his father's home, where the parishes were somewhat

what neglected and the remuneration was slender. Hence he was able to revisit Oxford without difficulty ; and when his College or the University required his services, whether as Tutor or as Examining Master, he did not sever his connection wholly with these parishes, the labours of which his brother shared with him. And he was in this way also enabled to live much with his aged father, for whom he had ever the tenderest care, the deepest veneration. Immediately after taking his degree, he was elected Fellow of Oriel, home of so many brilliant minds, invested to Oxford men of a past generation with a sanctity attaching to perhaps no other spot in these later days. He did then what most clever young Fellows have always done, took pupils during the vacations as well as from time to time in Oxford itself. At Sidmouth, in his first reading party, he was thrown into very intimate relations with the family of his friend George Cornish, whose father resided there, and from whom Mr. Keble rented the house which was his temporary home.

It is not generally known that much of the poetry and tender human feeling of Mr. Keble's life took its origin from this stay at Sidmouth. Yet, now that more than sixty years have passed away, it can violate no sanctities to reveal that the depths of his nature were stirred by one whose acquaintance

acquaintance he then first made ; and though she was at that time very young, his interest in Cornelia Sarah Cornish, the sister of his friend, ripened in after days into a deep and tender, though rejected, love. One who knew well whereof he spoke, and who more than any had a right to speak of those dim, distant days, wrote : " I believe much of the pathos of the whole book "—*The Christian Year*—" had its source in his love for her."

It is, indeed, impossible to read *The Christian Year* without being sure that the varied stops of human feeling had all been tuned and exercised before such true harmony of its kind flowed from his soul. It was this early love which called out such tenderness towards a younger Cornelia—or "Keenie"—Cornish, who became the wife of his nephew ; and the chord once struck still sounded in these words, under date of 1840 :

On St. Mark's day following—his own birthday—he had to write again to Cornish upon the death of his youngest sister, an event which for particular reasons moved him very tenderly : in the course of his note he says : " One surely feels more and more the privilege of being allowed to remember one's departed friends in private prayer and secretly at the altar."

It is during this period of Mr. Keble's life that his remarkable resignation was first shown, so often and so severely tried. His was a most affectionate nature ; yet so completely did he realise to himself
his

his belief in the reunion of friends in another life, that it might almost have seemed to superficial observers that he did not grieve at their departure hence. He was able to return from his father's home immediately after his mother's death, to his duties as examiner in the schools, only returning home to her funeral—a week during which many far less loving sons would have *needed*, and not only taken, rest. How keen, however, his affection was, will appear from the following incident, with which closes the account of his early home and Oxford life. During that week, a candidate for examination in the schools was translating the touching passage in the *Alcestis* where the child Eumelos kisses his dead mother, and passionately calls on her who is gone :

Keble, as was then usual, was standing ; he heard the passage out with fixed attention and unchanged countenance ; then dropped in his chair, and burying his face in his hands on the table, remained for some time silent, overcome with emotion.

In 1827, when Mr. Keble was residing with his father at Fairford, *The Christian Year* was published. Though he was a man who habitually shrank from notice, a large number of his intimate friends were taken into his counsel, in spite also of the fact that his after estimate of the work he had given to the world was extremely low. Dr. Pusey, in a letter published soon after Mr. Keble's death, related how he ever spoke in a disparaging

disparaging tone of "that book," and how careless he was about the correction of what was, in his eyes, a manifest blemish. But before publication, the poems were submitted to critics of most varied tastes and character, and it is curious to find that a man so eminently prosaic as the late Archbishop Whately was among those consulted, and one of the earliest of the many friends who urged their wider circulation. The work would seem only gradually to have taken the shape it assumed in the end, a complete series of verses on the Prayer Book; yet it is now difficult to conceive of it as made up of detached devotional pieces, so entirely has it a character of unity and completeness. It stands alone in literature; for though George Herbert's Poems and Bishop Heber's Hymns each present some points of resemblance, we should be inclined to rate Herbert far higher as poet, and Heber far lower. Herbert's verse can only be read with pleasure when the mind is attuned to feelings of personal devotion in which none others can share; Heber's Hymns can be sung by mixed congregations; while *The Christian Year* fits itself to the closet or the drawing-room, not to singing in church; can be read aloud, when to read Herbert were profanation; can be enjoyed for its poetry by those who object to its theology; while its theology has gained

gained an admission for poetic thoughts into the minds of many wooden-headed people.

Of a book of which in "less than twenty-six years 108,000 copies were issued in forty-three editions," the sale of which never has flagged since,—of which in the nine months following the writer's death seven editions were issued of 11,000 copies,—it may seem absurd to say it is less known than it deserves. Yet this very large sale has mainly been restricted to members of the Church of England, and of one only school in the Church; so that, comparatively speaking, only a few of the more cultivated among Nonconformists are well acquainted with its beauties; nor do they at all realise the power that it has had in attaching its readers to the form of words and form of faith which it was written to accompany and explain. It has not been hitherto, even within the limits of English speech, a book for all creeds in spite of its adherence to one; it has not been, as in its degree it deserves to be, to English religious thought, what the *De Imitatione Christi* has been to the religious thought of Europe.

In one of those double-edged sayings of which he was so consummate a master, Dr. Rowland Williams well expressed one of the charms and one of the weaknesses of Mr. Keble's poetry. He says :

"In

In a book whose tender and chastened pathos renders it the worthy companion of our Prayer Book in many lands, hardly any reader has not been touched by the hymn for the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity :

“ Where is thy favour'd haunt, eternal Voice,
The region of thy choice,
Where, undisturb'd by sin and earth, the soul
Owens thine entire control?—
'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and high,
When storms are hurrying by :
'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of the earth,
Where torrents have their birth.”

The sentiment here implied has the great advantage over some others in the same volume, that the more we reflect upon it, the truer it seems, while there are others which will not bear reflection. When we read, for instance, in one of the autumnal hymns, that the winds and storms suspend their wintry rage, that flowers and leaves have time to die gently, the utter contrast of such a fancy with the unrelenting course of nature destroying recklessly what she has brought lavishly to life, makes the idea seem a dream for a moment, or turns it into a sense of disappointed sadness. All things untrue are idle when we make them food for the mind.

Dr. Newman, however, says, with special reference to *The Christian Year*, that the first of two “main intellectual truths which it brought home” to him “was, what may be called, in a large sense of the word, the Sacramental system, that is, the doctrine that material phenomena are both the types and the instruments of real things unseen;” and he notices also “the connection of this philosophy

sophy of religion with what is sometimes called Berkleyism."

Bearing this connection in mind, Mr. Keble's answer to Dr. Williams, had he cared to give one, would probably have been in effect, that what seem "laws of nature" are mere phenomena to be altered or set aside at any moment by the Divine will, and that even when they appear to one most unrelenting, they may, and probably are, intended to convey that very lesson of doctrine which another who looks for it may find in spite of those points which seem to conflict with that teaching. There are many who would deem it flagrant impiety to disbelieve that the material of our bodies which we lay aside in the grave will re-live, because St. Paul seems to see in the sprouting of the seed a proof of the resurrection; and if to insist on "laws of nature" upsets a Sacramental system altogether, "so much the worse for the facts," will be the cry of those who "Berkleyise." But, in fact, the very moment any man leaves the strict philosophical investigation of nature,—and this will either teach him nothing about "things unseen," or else quite other facts than those for which they look who believe in a Sacramental system,—he will see in phenomena just what "his eye brings with it the power of seeing," and no more. For instance, Moschos, a Greek poet who

who does not believe in the resurrection, looks on the fading mallows, and contrasts their revival after seeming decay with the sleep of man that knows no waking. Mr. Keble, who does believe in the resurrection, wishing also to contrast man with natural objects, chooses to cast out of sight what would, no doubt, have been his reading of St. Paul's great analogy, and look at the *leaves* of the trees, which are only *portions* of the material frame of the tree,—as though one were to consider the hair cut from a man, or the nails he sheds, as separate entities. The two passages are so beautiful, that they may be placed side by side.

Ah me ! the mallows, dead in the garden drear,
Ah ! the green parsley, the thriving tufts of dill,
These again shall rise, shall live in the coming year.

But we men in our pride, we in wisdom and strength,
We, if once we die, dead in the womb of earth,
Sleep the sleep that wakes not, sleep of infinite length.

Now take Keble on the fall of the leaf :

How like decaying life they seem to glide !
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall forgotten to abide
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

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Man's

Man's portion is to die and rise again—

Yet he complains, while these un murmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain,
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

While, then, to many these poems are full of lessons, nursing fancies which on reflection displease those of another school of thought, it cannot be denied that a great charm is thrown over all descriptions of nature by the religious sentiments which pervade them, even if it be not "*Der Dichtungs Schleier aus der Hand der Wahrheit.*" To read our own theology in an imperfect observation of the processes of nature, brings into the verses in which those processes are described a weakness from which the highest poet is free. Yet, making the deduction which has been explained, one great merit of *The Christian Year* is the power of seeing the subtle beauty which lies in the simpler aspects of nature, invisible to, or at least inexpressible by, those who have not a considerable gift of song. On this ground a place, and no mean one, may be claimed for its author in the company of those who sung of

daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ;

and saw when

the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn ;

or

or noticed the colour of

ash-buds in the front of March ;

or heard in the garden,

The wise thrush, he sings his song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could re-capture
That first fine careless rapture.

Such a delicate eye and ear did Mr. Keble also
bring to his work.

For instance :

Not surer does each tender gem,
Set in the fig-tree's polished stem,
Foreshow the summer.

Or :

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipp'd with vernal red,
And her kindly flower display'd
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Or when he speaks of sounds, in a poem already
quoted :

the fitful sweep
Of winds across the steep
Through wither'd bents—romantic note and clear,
Meet for a hermit's ear.
The wheeling kite's wild solitary cry.

And, once more, when he notices

The evening's blackbird's full-ton'd lay,
When the relenting sun has smil'd
Bright through a whole December day.

The

The book appeared at a time when the Oxford revival had not fairly begun,—Dr. Newman dates the commencement of it six years later,—and the poems had taken a hold on many people who would have turned from them if read for the first time in later years. Hence, no doubt, it prepared the way for much which was afterwards to come. Writing in 1845, Mr. Keble specifies three points as not having been understood by him at the time he wrote his former poems : “ the doctrine of Repentance, or that of the Holy Eucharist as held, *e.g.*, by Bishop Ken, nor that of Justification ; ” and he says there are other points which he does not mention. There are certainly no such strong expressions on Confession and Absolution as find place in Dr. Newman’s well-known lines in the *Lyra Apostolica* ; and the alteration of a phrase in reference to the Communion since Mr. Keble’s death, of which more presently, shows that definitions were regarded as of less moment forty years ago ; but, on the whole, the teaching is Catholic, and if Anglican in feeling, it is so by its omissions rather than its statements ; additions might be required by Catholics of these days within the English Church, but nothing beyond the one expression noticed would need to be altered or pruned away. To all that is called Liberalism or Free Thought, to all that is non-dogmatic,

dogmatic, to views on the Atonement and nature of Christ like those gaining ground daily among even the orthodox churches, Mr. Keble would have offered, did offer when they came in his way, the sincerest opposition, and the nature of his feelings comes out clearly in this volume. When Mr. Tennyson writes :

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon
in Ajalon,

we understand that he uses the tale as a poetic illustration, and we do not suppose that he considers for a moment its agreement or non-agreement with fact and possibility. But when Mr. Keble writes :

'Tis true, of old th' unchanging sun
His daily course refus'd to run,
The pale moon hurrying to the west
Paus'd at a mortal's call, to aid
Th' avenging storm of war, that laid
Seven guilty realms at once on earth's defiled breast.

But can it be, one suppliant tear
Should stay the ever-moving sphere?
A sick man's lowly breathed sigh,
When from the world he turns away,
And hides his weary eyes to pray,
Should change your mystic dance, ye wanderers of the sky?

we feel at once that he gives his entire adhesion in faith and intellect to two of the most unlikely miracles of the Old Testament. Again, he turns with

with a something like terror from the creed of those who would reject the doctrine of eternal damnation, considering that if it fails, so fails also the trust of the godly. If there be "hope for such as die unblest,"

But where is then the stay of contrite hearts?
Of old they lean'd on thy eternal word,
But with the sinners' fear their hope departs,
Fast link'd as thy great Name to Thee, O Lord :
That Name by which thy faithful oath is past,
That we should endless be, for joy or woe :—
And if the treasures of thy wrath could waste,
Thy lovers must their promised Heaven forego.

Nor would it be possible to put in stronger words that view of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, held by devout Catholics both within and without the Roman obedience, depending on the extremest view of the Atonement as a substitution of Christ for the sinner, than in the following lines :

Fresh from th' atoning sacrifice
The world's Creator bleeding lies,
That man, His foe, by whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily bread.

It might have been sufficient to point to these lines as a proof of what Mr. Keble's belief had been, when, after his death, an unfortunate controversy was raised about a verse in the poem on the Service for "Gunpowder Treason," which so
long

long disgraced the English Prayer Book. The verse stood :

O come to our Communion Feast ;
There present in the heart,
Not in the hands, th' eternal Priest
Will His true self impart.

Mr. Keble, when pressed about these words, so unlike the whole tone of his teaching, replied that they would bear the sense of "not *only* in the hands," and he was not careful to alter what ought to be interpreted by his known opinions. Towards the end of his life, however, finding the words quoted by a Bishop as *against* his view, he made up his mind to alter the verse, but his sudden illness and death prevented his carrying the intention into act. Neither Mrs. Keble nor her nephew could properly exercise any discretion in the matter, when they made an alteration which at the time caused much discussion. The result has been that the whole poem has been withdrawn in those editions sanctioned by the family; the lines were never among the happiest portions of the book, and they helped to perpetuate the memory of a scandalous Form of Prayer.

The vagueness of expression, of which the lines quoted were so signal an instance, is one of the main defects of the book; the thought, no doubt, is always definite, but the words in
which

which it is couched are often obscure in sense and harsh in metre. And so it chances from time to time that close by passages of almost perfect melody and singular felicity of expression, are others hard to unravel ; unusual, or even ungrammatical expressions ; words distorted for the sake of rime, as "spright" for "spirit," "the rod they take so *calm*" for "calmly ;" "roseate cups" for "rose blossoms," "mystic *unison*" for "mystic harmony."

Yet read the book as critically as we may, or at however great a distance from its teaching, none will ever learn to know it without being better for the knowledge, without kindly and tender thoughts for the theology it advanced, without growing to love him who loved and strove to interpret God and Nature to himself and his brother-men. And if we are sometimes apt to be angry with a school which has done so much to revive mediæval and useless asceticism, and has been at least as mischievous as the Evangelical party in setting a great gulf between the Church and the world, to the confusion of morality and a low estimate of the simple and homelier virtues, let it not be forgotten that the true reviver and minstrel of this school was he who wrote :

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,

Nor

Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :
The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask :
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

And :

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime ;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

It is by *The Christian Year* that Mr. Keble will be known and remembered. His contributions to the *Lyra Apostolica* are as nothing by the side of Dr. Newman's ; his own second volume, the *Lyra Innocentium*, is inferior to *The Christian Year* from every point of view, except that of those who prize above all things a distinct utterance of dogmatic theology. In this point there is certainly an advance, at least in expression ; and that is all to be said which has not been said or implied on the poems already examined.

The thirteen years which followed the publication of *The Christian Year* were full of interest to Mr. Keble, who loved his parish work and his literary labours, but they afford few standing-points

points for any who review his life. He set aside with scarce a thought the offer of a colonial arch-deaconry; he declined to contend for the Provostship of his College, for which it would seem some of his friends considered him a likely candidate. He accepted the curacy of Hursley, and refused the incumbency when vacant; returned to Fairford on the death of a sister, and remained in the same quiet work as before till the death of his father in 1835. An edition of Hooker for the Oxford Press, as well as his lectures as Professor of Poetry, for which the growing popularity of *The Christian Year* had caused his selection, kept up his relations with Oxford, his friendship with Dr. Newman and the band of earnest men who were, with more and more eager determination, bent on a new reformation of the English Church. This took shape and date from an assize sermon of Mr. Keble's in 1833, on *National Apostasy*. It is a curious proof of how little the authors of the Oxford movement knew the line even their own thought would inevitably take, that the most alarming sign of that which he so designates was the suppression or amalgamation of Irish bishoprics. Dr. Newman, who has now so many years ceased to feel as an English Churchman, supposes, not unnaturally, that he would, were he in the English Church, think as he formerly thought.

When,

When, therefore, in 1865, Dr. Newman once more met his old friend, he expected to find that the present measure for total disestablishment was regarded as evil. Dr. Newman wrote:

Mr. Gladstone's rejection at Oxford was talked of, and I said that I really thought that, had I been still a member of the University, I must have voted against him, because he was giving up the Irish Establishment. On this Keble gave me one of his remarkable looks, so earnest and so sweet, came close to me, and whispered in my ear I cannot recollect the exact words, but I took them to be, "And is not that just?" It left the impression on my mind that he had no great sympathy with the Establishment in Ireland as an Establishment, and was favourable to the Church of the Irish.

Immediately after the publication of the sermon were begun the *Tracts for the Times*, and in these also is apparent how little the authors knew what would be their own minds. To revive primitive doctrine and practice, or what was supposed to be such, but to keep both carefully within the precise framework then existing, seems to have been the object of the Tracts. Now that the High-church party are dividing services, with good effect, shortening them so far as may be, and keeping them distinct, admitting that a new Lectionary is needed, supplementing the deficiencies, or supposed deficiencies, in the Prayer Book by expressive ritual and by a lavish use of hymns, it is not uninteresting to turn over those almost forgotten

forgotten volumes, and find careful defences of the long services, pleas for keeping them just as they are. There is one paper of Mr. Keble's on the Sunday Lessons, containing an elaborate theory of their selection, and an earnest justification of the reading of those chapters from which even those of his own party now shrink, for which few now would assert that they were any other than a haphazard selection by men whose sense of delicacy was somewhat coarse, as would naturally be that of the clergy of a coarse age.

Mr. Keble's own contributions were few, only four in all, the most remarkable being No. 89, on *The Mysticism attributed to the Early Fathers of the Church*. This is well worth reading even by those who, like ourselves, would utterly repudiate the whole state of mind which would make such interpretation even possible, who consider that so to read the Bible is simply to turn it into a sort of ingenious puzzle in which words may mean almost anything but what they seem to mean, is to strike at the root of all morality by the mode by which the atrocious crime of Jael and the slaughter of the Canaanites are justified and explained. It is interesting as showing the best that can be said for the patristic method of treating Scripture by a very able man, saturated with a knowledge of the Fathers, with love and veneration

reverence towards them ; and having read it, we may turn with a clear conscience, once for all, without misgiving or retrogression, to modern interpreters who know at least the meaning of such terms as history, criticism, and the science of language.

The story of the cessation of the Tracts is now so well known as to need no comment, except to note that Mr. Keble at once with great chivalry made himself responsible, almost equally with Dr. Newman, for Tract 90, and identified himself with the line of thought therein exemplified. I have never considered the argument in any degree dishonest, or even as going beyond the liberty of interpretation allowed to members of the English Church. Mr. Wilson, one of the four Tutors who protested against the Tract, has since that time found himself in direct collision with popular opinion and the sense ordinarily put on formularies to which he has been able conscientiously to adhere ; and although there are some who make a distinction between stretching documents in the direction of Rome and their extension towards Free Thought, the cases seem precisely parallel.

The Tractarians did only what all must do who accept inconsistent formularies, the result of an accidental compromise, who hold the dogmatic statements

statements of one age under the pressure of the opinions of another. It is for each man to settle in his particular case how far he can conform to that which all men do not hold in precisely the same sense; it is not for those to blame who themselves require a like allowance in kind, if not in degree. Mr. Keble and Dr. Newman, with their friends, were surely honest in that they made no scruple of the sense put by them on dogmatic statements having neither the venerable antiquity of creeds, nor a large catholic inclusiveness, nor a grave precision of language. Few who submit to them can love the Thirty-nine Articles; to strive to make the bonds less galling is a kindly attempt, from whomsoever it come.

While the Tracts were in publication, and immediately after the death of his father, a second offer came to Mr. Keble of the vicarage of Hursley, again vacant, and was accepted by him. It came opportunely; for he was just then engaged to be married, and he had also to provide a home, or partial home, for his sister. The special work of his life was done; the book was given to the world; the movement was fairly started by which he will be remembered; and the rest of his life was much like many another spent in the country parishes of England, rather dawdling and trivial, making much of little pleasures,

tures, and more of little grievances, of the naughtiness of school-boys and girls, of the excitement of a speech in the school-room from a colonial Bishop. In such a life there is seldom much to record, though it is not without a quiet grace and beauty.

There are, however, some points which will repay special attention in the life of a man so typical among English clergy. Mr. Keble accepted a living at the time when Dr. Newman's faith in the Church of England was receiving constant shocks, and the work of a parish of which he was the incumbent caused himself to feel more and more, that if the Church of England was really in doctrine what he considered it ought to be, it was at any rate a "practical failure." He was powerless to revive in its fulness the habit of confession among those of whom he had the spiritual charge, and without this he felt the Church could not work as he conceived a Church should. The Roman controversy was before him ; and though he says in his letters over and over again that he could not join that Church, so had his friend before him who there after his troubles found rest. In most essential points the High-Anglican and the Roman doctrines are one, and in the Roman Church alone can they be consistently held. But as poetry, or, in other words,

words, feeling, had guided Mr. Keble hitherto, so was it in the great crisis of his life. His fancy and affections were on the side of his staying where he was, and this matter once decided, he wavered no more. While he hesitated, and when Dr. Newman left the Church of England, Mrs. Keble seemed dying, as also another dear relation, and here is Mr. Keble's comment :

I have written to him—Dr. Newman—to express as well as I could two feelings, one, continued love and affection towards him ; the other, that every day things are happening, especially in our two sick-rooms, which make it impossible for me to do as he has done ; it would seem like impiety to reject such warnings as have been sent to me in that manner ; I mean things which dear C—— said at a moment when she thought herself dying.

Religion surely becomes a most unreal thing if it be not a matter of reason, conviction, and duty, but of sentiment ; a dependence on the thoughts of those we love, when those thoughts are least under control ; a resting the truth of a creed on the holiness of life of those who hold it. And when once such sentiment had swayed his mind, the infallibility of his relatives was propounded as a relief to other anxieties than his own. A parishioner of Hursley, after sore struggles, complicated by graver difficulties than assail many, joined the Church of Rome. The difficulties were laid before Mr. Keble not only as a friend, but as the appointed

pointed guide and pastor, and the interview was thus described :

He listened patiently to all I had to say, looking inexpressibly shocked, and then said, "Suppose we talk to Charlotte about it ; she will help you much better than I." When he found that I would not hear of this, he was simply angry.

And again :

This I believe was the attitude of his mind against everything that seemed to lead beyond the religion of his father and sisters and wife ; for it really came simply to this. He answered a friend of mine who went to him in anxieties and difficulties like my own, by saying, "Look at my sister ; how can the Church of England be wrong, which has nurtured and satisfied a soul like hers ?" And he said the same sort of thing to me. Could it be right for me to have difficulties when she had none ? Must not the fault be my own ?

And, once more :

His always seemed to me an unreal life, full of beauty and poetry, but always, to my mind, untrue, for it was a continual contradiction.

These words are not quoted in any spirit of detraction, but because if any be utterly convinced there is no true standing-point between Rome and Free Thought, it is important to show the futility of fancy taking the place of reason, on which one of the best of Anglicans deemed himself to rest.

To one so loving as Mr. Keble, it must have been doubly painful that his friends should sever themselves from his side and cease to think his thoughts ; for mixed up in curious stratification
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with his tenderness, was a great severity of judgment on those with whom he could not agree. Thus, when quite a young man, he could not admire Milton's writings, because he disliked his views ; in later days he wrote, that "the opinion there are good men of all parties is a bad doctrine for these days ;" that he would not advise asking a clergyman who had joined the Church of Rome to dine : "I should consider it scandalous in respect of the servants, to say no other ; they know that he is a clergyman who has renounced his Orders, and it cannot be but certain thoughts must enter into their minds, if they think of such things at all." Thus, strangest of all, he declines to enter into the religious difficulties connected with the question of the inspiration of the Scripture, because most of the men who entertained them were "too wicked to be reasoned with." And since he was under the influence of these feelings, it is easy to understand a touching anecdote which belongs to the period of his life in which his doubts were raised and then stifled. A visitor, in the course of a walk, many years afterwards, directed his attention to a broken piece of ground, a chalk-pit as it turned out :

"Ah," said he, "that is a sad place, that is connected with the most painful event of my life. It was there that I first knew for certain that J. H. N. had left us. We had just made up our minds that such an event was all but inevitable,
and

and one day I received a letter in his handwriting. I felt sure of what it contained, and I carried it about with me all through the day, afraid to open it. At last I got away to that chalk-pit, and then, forcing myself to read the letter, I found that my forebodings had been too true; it was the announcement that he was gone.

It is no real matter for surprise that Keble never received dignity in the Church. In those days, indeed, no leaders in the Oxford movement could have expected high preferment. They set themselves boldly against authority; they opposed the reform of the Irish Church, the Jerusalem Bishopric, and even matters in which the great ones of the land were more concerned than these. It will be remembered by all readers of the *Apolo-
legia pro Vita Sua* that Dr. Newman, for himself, solemnly protested against the consecration of Bishop Alexander; but perhaps few people recollect a characteristic proceeding of Mr. Keble with regard to a matter of far greater and more national interest. The doctrine which was brought into prominence even more than any other in the early Tracts, was that of "Apostolical Succession," by which persons episcopally ordained received a sort of sacred virus transmissible through the ages, conferring on them, and on them alone, the power of administering the Sacraments. And it was to the holders of such a doctrine matter of grave doubt whether
any

any beyond the limits of episcopal communions belonged to the Church—whether, in fact, they were Christians at all.

Hence, when the Lutheran King of Prussia was chosen to stand godfather to the Prince of Wales, High-churchmen were sorely exercised in mind. Mr. Keble's feelings on the subject were delivered in a Protest made by himself and several others among his more immediate friends; and from the position he then took up he probably never would have varied. This singular document is of considerable importance with reference to the non-preferment of those who framed it, till Dr. Moberly was made a Bishop long after the Prince Consort's death. Among the signatories were men who, as the ordinary course of advancement goes, had more reason to expect dignity than Mr. Keble, and who were kept from it on account of their participation in the Protest, some of whom, perhaps, in after years would not again have signed such a document under like circumstances, and it might seem well now to forget it. But it is important as showing the consistency and honesty of Mr. Keble, whoever was concerned, and also the singular and miserable isolation of the Anglican party in existing Christendom. A man who had joined the Church of Rome was not to be asked to dinner; a Lutheran could not be a witness that

that a child should be brought up in the faith ; of a Presbyterian church it is said, " I would not be in one of them at service-time on any consideration ; " yet all the while the Church in which he ministered was a " practical failure."

To few men would Goethe's words, " Du bist am Ende was du bist," apply more than to Mr. Keble, and therefore it is needless to pause on the last twenty years of his life. How he would have restored ecclesiastical discipline, had it been in his power, he showed in his *Life of Bishop Wilson*, who ruled his little diocese with ultra-papal severity ; what he said on the attempt to legalise marriage with the sister of a deceased wife, on *Eucharistical Adoration*, on the Colenso case, each reader can now imagine for himself. On the Ritual question, in quite the last months of his life, his deep reverence for the truths symbolised in the Sacraments led him somewhat away from the line his party was taking, in that he wrote a letter to protest against the necessity of fasting Communion, and the growing custom of merely " assisting at Mass." His later years were shaded by Mrs. Keble's constant ill health ; we can scarce say saddened, because there was between the pair the most complete sympathy, and neither accounted death as an evil or as a real separation. Her delicacy
of

of constitution, and at the last failure of his own vigour, necessitated long residences away from Hursley, and called out from affectionate friends child-like offices towards the childless pair. It was at Hursley, however, and at a time when Mr. Keble was especially anxious about his wife, that a meeting took place which in some measure undid the chill separation of so many years, when once more Dr. Newman and Dr. Pusey met under the roof of their friend, so long lost to the greatest of them. Dr. Newman's letter describing this meeting is most touching and beautiful. He arrived unexpectedly; and the twenty years had so changed those who had parted in the prime of life, that they did not recognise each other.

Keble was at his door speaking to a friend. He did not know me, and asked my name. What was more wonderful, since I had purposely come to his house, I did not know him, and I feared to ask who it was. I gave him my card without speaking. When at length we found out each other, he said, with that tender flurry of manner which I recollect so well, that . . . he could not receive me as he should have wished to do, nor indeed had he expected me, for "Pusey," he whispered, "is in the house, as you are aware." Then he brought me into his study, and embraced me most affectionately, and said he would go and prepare Pusey, and send him to me. . . .

Just before my time for going, Pusey went to read the Evening Service in church, and I was left in the open air with Keble by himself. . . . We walked a little way, and
stood

stood looking in silence on the church and churchyard, so beautiful and calm. Then he began to converse with me in more than his old tone of intimacy, as if we had never been parted, and soon I was obliged to go. . . .

He wrote me many notes about this time ; in one of them he made a reference to the lines in *Macbeth*—

“ When shall we three meet again ?
When the hurly-burly’s done,
When the battle’s lost and won.”

This is all I can recollect of a visit of which almost the sole vivid memory which remains with me is the image of Keble himself.

And this visit was to him also nearly the last of Hursley, which he had loved, and for the poor of which he had lived, making himself and his wife truly the servants of his people. An old friend said of him :

He was not what is commonly called an eloquent reader or preacher ; his voice was not powerful ; nor his ear perfect for harmony of sound, nor had he in the popular sense great gifts of delivery ; but in spite of all this, you could not but be impressed deeply both by his reading and his preaching. . . . When he preached, it was with an affectionate, almost plaintive, earnestness, which was very moving. His sermons were at all times full of that scriptural knowledge which was a remarkable quality in him as a divine.

There were, however, those who took a less favourable estimate, one of whom said :

His sermons were to me, if I may say so without disrespect, very tiresome, except every now and then when a pretty little poetical thought would come out. But he
preached

preached entirely for the poor, and yet not the least the sort of sermon to arrest or interest them, and I think they used chiefly to sleep.

There is no need to dwell on his last illness and death, which came while he was awaiting at Bournemouth that of his wife, who, contrary to all expectation, survived him some weeks. The deathbeds of all pious people have a remarkable similarity, in whatever religious communion they may happen to die. Various as has been the labour of the day, the tired toilers say Good-night, and fall asleep with the same actions and almost the same words.

Most of those who will read what is here written, are of a far other school of thought than Mr. Keble's. His peculiar party will probably soon be absorbed in the great Roman Church, only true home of all dogmatic sects. And we shall probably wander further even than now into that dim land, of which none can see the horizon ; to us, a land of hope ; to Catholics, the valley of the shadow of eternal death. But at least we need not let the spiritual separation come from us ; we may carry with us loving and tender memories of men from whom we learn much, even while we differ and criticise.

MARIA HARE.

1798-1870.

MARIA LEYCESTER, afterwards Mrs. Augustus Hare, was the daughter of a Cheshire clergyman, some time rector of Stoke-upon-Terne, in Shropshire. Her elder sister was the wife of Edward Stanley, who became Bishop of Norwich. Much of her early days was spent with the Stanleys and various county magnates; but she owed the development of her intellectual and spiritual nature to intimacy with Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, at that time rector of Hodnet, near Stoke. Maria Leycester became attached to his curate, Mr. Stow, though the strong opposition of her family made a definite engagement impossible. Mr. Stow went to India with Bishop Heber as his chaplain, while the matter was still in this unsatisfactory state, and died of fever, shortly after his new career had begun. His most intimate friend,

friend, whom Miss Leycester had already known well, was Augustus Hare, and the close sympathy into which they were brought by a common grief grew after a time into a warmer feeling. Mr. Hare accepted a small college living in Wiltshire, and, not without much strenuous opposition on the part of the Leycesters, they were married, Maria Hare being thirty-one, and Augustus eight years older. Four happy years of married life were followed by a complete break-down of his health. Marcus Hare, a younger brother of Augustus, had recently married a Miss Stanley, making thus a double connection with the Stanley family. The two brothers, with their wives, went to Rome together, and there Augustus Hare died in February, 1834. His widow took up her residence at Hurstmonceaux, in Sussex, first with Archdeacon Hare, and then in a house of her own. After a residence of many years, she removed to Holmhurst, fourteen miles from Hurstmonceaux, and there dying in 1870, was buried at Hurstmonceaux. Her Memoirs, and extracts from her papers were afterwards published by her nephew and adopted son, and from this book we know the quiet life somewhat interesting in itself, but far more by reason of its surroundings. It is on the thread of that "quiet life" that the following notes must be strung.

The beliefs of childhood are often so rudely shaken,

shaken, that it is pleasant to find the traditional Lady Scott, and the traditional Prince Leopold, the same in the letters of a contemporary as they have come down to us. Miss Leycester paid a visit to Abbotsford, which she found odd and picturesque, was delighted with Mr. Scott, as the great novelist still was in 1819, but she says of the lady of the house: "His family consists of a very insignificant little wife, a French woman, quite inferior to him, and his daughters, who are fine, sensible clever girls." All incidental notices of Bishop Heber, too, are quite what we should expect, a genial, pleasant man, earnest in his piety, accepting his mission as a matter of duty, though well aware of its danger, highly cultivated, a good German scholar, rare in those days, by no means averse to rational, and what fanatics would now call unclerical amusements. Witness the following from an account of a week spent at Hodnet:

We had every kind of amusement in the evenings, in dancing, singing, and acting. Reginald Heber and Mr. Stow—the curate—are both excellent actors, and we acted a French proverb one night, and the "Children in the Wood" another. . . . In the mornings, one of the party read Scott's new novel, *Ivanhoe*, aloud to the others.

Augustus Hare, whom Miss Leycester met for the first time at Hodnet, was one of a very interesting

interesting family. All the Hares were people worth knowing either in life or in print. But by far the most taking character among them was Augustus Hare's mother, daughter of Bishop Shipley, of St. Asaph, wife of Mr. Francis Hare Naylor. This last, who took his mother's name in addition to his own, was the son of a spendthrift canon of Winchester; himself always in difficulties, clever, odd, and enthusiastic. Bishop Shipley, who had a house near Winchester, did not approve of his daughter's fancy for the handsome lad with no means and no expectations; for the family property was impoverished, and all that could be settled away was settled on the children of his father's second marriage. The beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, a cousin of Miss Shipley, did what she could to forward this romantic love affair. The end of it was thus :

At length, seeing the hopeless state of his daughter's affections, the Bishop was induced to invite Francis Hare Naylor to Twyford. The following day he was arrested for debt while driving in the Episcopal coach with Georgiana and her parents. He was then forbidden the house; but on his release he contrived to communicate with his beloved by dressing up as a beggar, and appearing at her carriage window, as it ploughed its way through the muddy lanes between Twyford and Winchester. She recognised him, and kissed her hand in the presence of her family. The scene of indignation and reproach which followed brought matters to a crisis.

crisis. Robert Hare refused to do anything for his son, but the Duchess of Devonshire gave them an annuity of £200, with the promise of a place in Ireland, and on this they married. The place in Ireland never came; and soon after the marriage they retired to Carlsruhe, and afterwards to the North of Italy, where their pittance was comparative riches.

In Italy their four sons were born, and in Italy they resided till, at Robert Hare's death, it was found that he had been unable to leave all his property, as he had intended, to his second family. The Hare-Naylors then returned to England to difficulty and a struggle against poverty, to a life far less congenial to either than had been their Italian wanderings.

The education of the children was mainly committed to the charge of Father Emmanuele Aponte, a Spanish priest, and his adopted daughter, Clotilda Tambroni, a very remarkable woman, whose great classical learning caused her, in spite of the apparent disqualification of her sex, to be appointed Greek Professor in the University of Bologna. Aponte was a Jesuit; the Hares remained Protestant; and in these times of hard insistence on dogmatic theologies, it is pleasant to find that in the later days of the last century and early days of the present there could be and were the most cordial relations between persons of different faiths, on the neutral ground of a piety which transcended

cended and underlay all differences, of sympathy in intellectual pursuits, of art and science.

Long years after these early Italian times, when Francis Hare, Clotilda Tambroni's elder pupil, had died, his widow and daughter were converted to the Catholic faith, and they were then anxious to declare that in his childhood he had been baptized by Cardinal Mezzofanti at Bologna. But if he was so baptized, a thing in itself by no means improbable, it is abundantly clear it will only have been because Mr. and Mrs. Hare, while valuing the Christian initiatory rite, had no scruple about the creed of the administrator, or else, which is still more probable, that no minister was at hand save a Roman ecclesiastic. It certainly was "one of the delights of little Francis in his childhood to swing the censer upon the steps of the altar when the future cardinal was celebrating mass." And though Mr. and Mrs. Hare Naylor, in their large-hearted tolerance, may have considered this a mere religious form, which mattered little, so that their child was brought near the central verities of religion, it is probable that a priest would only have allowed this favour to one whom he considered in fact a Catholic child. "Mrs. Hare Naylor sought to interest her son in religion, but on that subject alone he was not to bewilder himself with useless inquiries. . . . She taught her little Francis early to
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to compose prayers and meditations of his own, and commit them to paper." One remains in the "large round child's hand" of a boy of nine, an admirable child's prayer, whether it be his own or that of his mother :

I beseech Thee, O my God, to be indulgent to what I have been : to assist me to amend what I am : and of Thy goodness to direct what I shall be, so that the love of virtue and the love of Thee may always be first in my heart. Amen.

Before Francis was ten he could read fluently with his mother in all the easier Greek and Latin classics, and he was familiar with many of the best authors in French and Italian. At Bologna, his mother was his constant companion, and with her and her dog Smut, and her favourite bird in its cage, he used to pass long days in the woods and olive-gardens near the town. The family group was painted thus by Flaxman, whose friendship was one of Mrs. Hare Naylor's greatest pleasures, and whose advice and assistance added much to the excellence of her own paintings. For her he made his drawings from the Iliad and Odyssey.

When the Hare Naylor's returned to England to take possession of what was left them of their ancestral inheritance, they carried Augustus with them, for whom his aunt, Lady Jones, widow of the
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the well-known Sir William Jones, had undertaken to provide; Francis was left with Aponte and Clotilda Tambroni; the younger children with a trusty Italian servant.

They settled at Hurstmonceaux, Liberals in politics, largely cultured in mind, which facts then even more than now cut them off from much society in such a neighbourhood. With a scanty income and a large house to keep up, they were very different from ordinary English people. The following picture must conclude this notice of a charming character :

Mrs. Hare Naylor's life at Hurstmonceaux must have astonished her rustic neighbours, and still more her neighbours in her own rank of life, of whom there were few with whom she cared to associate, except the ladies at Ashburnham Place, where the fine library was a great delight to her. Not only when within the house was she always occupied in the deep study of Greek authors, but during her walks in the park and shrubberies she was always seen dressed in white, and she was always accompanied by a beautiful tame white doe, which used to walk by her side even when she went to church. Her foreign life led her to regard Sunday merely as a fête-day, and she used frequently to scandalise the church-going population by sitting at a window looking out upon the road working at her tambour-frame, when they were going to church. Her impetuosity in liking and disliking often led her to make friends with persons beneath her, or to take them into her service when they were of a character which rendered her notice exceedingly undesirable. The two women she took most notice of in the parish were the last persons who ever did public penance at Hurstmonceaux,

coaux, having both to stand in a white sheet in the churchyard for their "various offspring," so that people said, "There are Mrs. Hare Naylor's friends doing penance;" and it was long remembered with amusement that when one of her maids was afterwards found to have misbehaved herself, she said, "Poor thing, she cannot help it; I really believe it must be *something in the air!*" Yet in her heart she was of a most holy life; ardent in all her feelings and acts, her whole soul was constantly poured out in prayer. As a Mr. Mitchell, of whom she saw much at this time, said afterwards to her son Julius, "She did truly *embrace* Christ with her whole heart."

Augustus Hare was sent by Lady Jones to Winchester, whence he proceeded to New College. Here he led a life of intellectual activity happily more common now than sixty years since. He did much for the political life of Oxford by establishing, together with some like-minded friends, a Debating Society, "the Union" of those days; scandalized the University by practical jokes, and yet more by trying to reform his College, attempting to extinguish the privileges of founders' kin. Lady Jones had always wished that her nephew should take orders, but his own wishes were decidedly against this step till after the death of his friend Martin Stow. But on receiving the news of his death, Hare "thought within himself, If I were to die now, without having been of use!" and that evening he decided upon taking orders. There had no doubt been a great mental struggle before

before arriving at this decision, but probably rather one connected with distrust of his own fitness for an office which he regarded in a somewhat exaggerated light, than with doctrinal difficulties. Whatever doubts he had were on details rather than on fundamentals; the great depths of thought and the abysses of scepticism had scarcely an existence for him. Augustus Hare's opinions were generous and liberal, but his mind was of a narrower cast than was that of his brother Julius, and perhaps for that very reason he made a better parish minister than the Arch-deacon.

In these days of sharply-defined theological parties, it is somewhat difficult to fix Augustus Hare's precise position in the Church. He held, it would seem, Church tenets strongly, and though then perhaps considered in some degree high, would now be that rare combination, a learned, zealous, tolerant Evangelical. Here is a curious record of the feeling of those days :

He united with his brother-clergy in forming a clerical society, one object which he felt to be specially needed being the removal of prejudices and lessening of party feeling in the minds of all towards each other, and the enabling those who were young in their profession to benefit by the experience of their elders. Many difficulties arose from the difference of opinion that prevailed among the members as to the propriety of beginning their meetings with prayer, and as to the nature of that preparatory prayer. The High-Church-
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men were strongly prejudiced against any notice of prayer on such occasions, from a notion of its likeness to Dissenting societies; the zealous Evangelicals urged the advantages of extempore prayer as fitted for the peculiar circumstances of time and place, and they resolutely refused to agree in the formation of any society for clerical purposes that did not adopt some form of worship at its beginning.

Not many men who pray at all would now refuse to pray together on these grounds, so that toleration has made some way, even if our lines of demarcation have become more sharply defined.

Augustus Hare's work in his parish did not differ in any material respect from that of other earnest men of different views. He was, however, among the first to adopt a familiar mode of address, to hold evening classes, and to throw himself into the life of his parishioners as though he were truly one of themselves. But if the religious teaching of any one man has any real effect on the character of a given village, if any change which is brought about is not rather the tendency of opinion "in the air," as Mrs. Hare Naylor would have said, and in the social character of the clergyman with whom the people come in contact, we may well doubt if the teaching of Augustus Hare, long continued, would have really tended to elevate his parishioners. No amount whatever of pietistic teaching can counterbalance such a statement about human nature as this,
supposing
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supposing it were really accepted by those to whom it was addressed :

I remember David King telling me . . . that once while working in his garden, his minister whilst talking to him, in order to illustrate the wonderful love of Christ in taking man's fallen nature upon him, asked David how he should like to become a toad, convincing him thereby that however loathsome such a change would be to him, yet it was nothing compared to what the Son of God underwent when He laid aside His glory.

Surely the mission of Jesus was not intended to give lower views of man than the Psalmist's : "What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour." Mr. Hare's comparison dishonours alike God and man. Neither is this epigram from a sermon true :

How often do we see the sinner perched on the dunghill of his vices, clapping his wings in self-applause, and fancying himself a much grander creature than the poor Christian, who all the while is soaring on high like a lark, and mounting on his way to heaven.

But that there is no reply to teachers in the pulpit, Mr. Hare might have been puzzled had Æsop's fable of the figure of the man killing the lion, or the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, been, from a pew, suggested for his consideration.

But it must have been difficult for one in his position

position not to believe himself infallible. He, his wife, the Stanleys, and a few other frequent visitors, were a small mutual admiration society. In their letters about as well as to each other, they are the "darling Mia," the "beloved Augustus," the "dear Master." If Augustus sits down to write a sermon, Miss Stanley must hear what it is about, even if—or perhaps because—it is little worth recording; as, *e.g.*: "At this moment Augustus is writing about God's works having a *middle*, a point of perfection; about Jesus Christ being the *middle* of the world, the tree of life in the *midst* of the garden."

A matter of considerable interest was closely connected with the Hares' Wiltshire life. The year 1830 was one of much agricultural distress, and there was great stir among the labourers. Those were days of machine-breaking and rick-burning; of mobs of labourers, madly drunk, roaming over the country; of regiments, not only of yeomanry, but of regular troops, arrayed against the undisciplined rustics; of begging which could hardly be distinguished from robbery; of danger, intimidation, and fear.

Mr. and Mrs. Hare both wrote of a riot and of rick-burning, where the rioters were dispersed by the yeomanry, and the ringleaders imprisoned, not without a touch of exaggeration where a farmer

farmer who had been beaten, but was able to walk about, is called a "mangled victim." And the following is an extract from a letter of Arch-deacon Hare, a liberal and thoughtful man, well able generally to see more than one side of a question. It shows the alarm of those troubled days :

The gentry, the farmers, the clergy, the citizens, the tradesmen of the towns, must assemble and form constitutional associations for preserving peace and order. By active energy we can still avoid the danger, which, if we are supine, will crush us. . . . Surely our nobility and gentry, in spite of the pestilential watering-places, and other temples of vanity and frivolity that draw them away from their estates, may still marshal faithful tenants and peasants, if they will but appear among them and at the head of them. Surely the charity which the ladies of England have bestowed so liberally and almost prodigally, has not altogether fallen on stony ground, but will produce some good fruit even for themselves here. . . . We are trying at Cambridge to organise a kind of body for the protection of the country round, in the hope that our example may be followed, though there are many who say there is no need of it yet. Good God ! not yet ! When will the time come to shake off our sleep ? When that sleep is cast off by the pangs of death ! I was rejoiced by your ringing the church bell ; but, alas ! the Dark Ages are past when that sound would have acted as a summons to every living being for miles around.

In that there is the ring of a distant age. No one now talks of "peasants," a term which, in use, if not etymologically, has come to mean little else

else than slaves. No one now looks to the "charities" of kindly ladies to set right the social machine if it chance to be out of gear.

Handfuls of coals and rice,
And dealing out flannel and sheeting
A little below cost price,

have lost their virtue as a panacea even in the eyes of their kindly ministrants. No one now dreams of appearing in arms at the head of a loyal tenantry; and let the clergy ring their tocsin never so loudly, it is not they who are the chosen leaders of the people.

But the times are changed, and the men are changed in them, the agricultural labourers especially. The calm self-respect and respect for others which has been shown by them in late years is worthy of all admiration; the steady glow of a strong determination to better their condition which exists among the labourers, is equalled only by their desire to wrong no man and to speak fairly of other classes. At closely-packed meetings of working men, no words have elicited such hearty assent as those which disclaimed sympathy with strikes as such, and where not absolutely forced on the men; none have called out such rounds of applause as those which deprecated charity and asked only for the wage which a man could fairly earn. From first to
last,

last, the recent movement among the agricultural labourers for a rise of wages has been free from the stigma of drunkenness ; its leaders have been for the most part total-abstainers ; it has been characterised by a deep religious earnestness, for its mainspring has been among the Primitive Methodists, men who have a real zeal for God, if not always according to knowledge. Those who hope for, those who tremble at, the prospect of an extension of the franchise to the county householder, may alike mark with comfort and thankfulness the way in which the agricultural labourer has learned already to use his vast and increasing power.

Although Archdeacon Hare lost his head on the occasion of agrarian riots, he usually said what was worth hearing. Indeed, next to his mother, he is the most interesting figure in the whole circle. His letter has been quoted less to show what he was than how great was the panic, how sharp is the contrast between those days and these. Julius Charles Hare was a man whose indirect has been greater than his direct influence. Not many now read his various charges and sermons, though they have great and conspicuous merit ; but the circle of his personal friends and followers was large, and they were the leaders of the Broad-Church school of thought, of which, at least

least in its modern phase, Archdeacon Hare was the true founder. One who personally or intellectually attracted to himself,—who was for a time to some of them a sort of central sun,—such men as Arnold, Bunsen, Maurice, Sterling, Rowland Williams, Stanley; who was a Cambridge man of the best type—and it may well be doubted if there exist anywhere men of wider culture than the best Cambridge men; whose mind absorbed and assimilated even the enormous mass of German theology; has not passed away without leaving a deep impress on the mind of this age, and even of those who know not whence the influence which moved them has come. Dr. Rowland Williams thus expressed in a private letter his view of Archdeacon Hare in February 1868:

As to Julius Hare, I always conceive him to have used language in its most natural sense, and to have been simply an orthodox believer, though he always selected the more reasonable form of orthodoxy.

How far or whether he made in his own mind an undefined allowance for the possibility of spiritual conceptions having taken from imagination a sensuous shape, is a question to which my only answer would be a guess. If he did so at all as regards the "Incarnation," he still left it as a commanding reality, and as no less distinct a communication of Deity by the indwelling of the Divine Logos, than as it appears in Justin Martyr and in St. John's Gospel. Thus he would drop nothing distinctive in Christianity but the right of damning and calumniating heathens, which happens,
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after all, to be not in the least a Christian employment of our time. Nor do I suppose that he would have cared to press against any one else so purely *hypothetical* a construction as that which Milman exemplifies, in decomposing the poetry of the Nativity into pictorial symbolism of idea; but it would be in harmony with his Platonic and Johannine line of thought if he vaguely entertained it.

But certainly, if he ever felt himself to have been engaged in maintaining the free Christ and the open Scripture, against foul acts of tyranny or fraud, he would on *every* account have avoided complicating his position with speculative possibilities drawn from the schools of despair.

So, as to the Resurrection, if you had told him that it is neither clear nor important with what physical conditions our Lord ascended from the grave, he might have assented; but if you had turned round then, and betrayed that you thought it so immensely important, that in fact our difficulty or uncertainty on this point must vitiate our conception of Christianity, or its hold on our minds, he would have been as far from you as the east is from the west. He certainly saw, as St. Paul saw, in the resurrection of our Lord a strong confirmation of the great hope or aspiration of mankind; though not a reason for holding that, without this event, no such aspiration could be cherished.

His general view of Miracles I have long held to be the only correct one,—that they are historical realities, for they come to us guaranteed by men whose religious trustworthiness we can fairly verify; but that they are not foundations, or "evidences," both on account of their spiritual inappropriateness, and also of the logical inadequacy of their evidence, if not aided, as it is to us, by associations. They are not unlike family narratives, which one has no desire, nor perhaps power, to disprove, but which one sees the rest of the world would not select as the universal foundation of religion or law.

Christianity differs from other religions in this: that
which

which they aspire to, it exemplifies. Those who mock at aspiration will disbelieve the example ; but those who share the aspiration, and only see, or make allowance for other men's seeing, that the evidence is not of such a kind as would prove moral or intellectual enormities, need only be reduced to this dilemma : they teach with more or less of positiveness ; that is, their confidence admits of degrees. However much the sanguine hope may swell into the tone of demonstration, it always was fundamentally hope.

The special interest of Julius Hare to my own mind has always been, that his doctrine gives with more scholar-like consistency than Maurice, and greater clearness than Coleridge, the one line by which, if at all, the theology of our own Church can be most hopefully and reasonably maintained. Whether, with a fair field and no favour, it will ultimately hold, we cannot absolutely tell, so long as the foul arts of the Titus Oateses stop the way. At all events, it is better than esoteric scepticism, or courtier-like indifference, or vulpine jesuitry ; for it is frank, earnest, and, as far as the nature of the phenomena permits, entirely orthodox. . . . At a "reading" last night, I lectured on Martin Luther, more in Hare's style than in Ward's. What minced-meat Hare makes of that set !

Many of Archdeacon Hare's letters which have been preserved are well worth reading ; this scrap about Goethe's death is especially so :

The mightiest spirit that this earth has seen since Shakespeare left it, is departed. But he departed just like himself, in the perfect healthful possession of all his faculties, as a man who had fulfilled the duties of the day, and falls into calm sleep after it, . . . Dear, glorious old man, would I had seen him before he was taken away ; would I had heard his voice, and beheld the calm majesty of his face !

When there was a prospect of the family living
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of Hurstmonceaux becoming vacant, Augustus Hare waived his claim to it in favour of his younger brother Julius, who however remained through life a student, and never really took root in the country. The following passage, in which he goes to books rather than nature for another instance of one of the most ordinary accidents in the country, is characteristic and delightful :

My cow certainly gives very little and poor milk. . . . I myself saw Elphick churning away, and no butter would come of it. *That this is not a thing totally unheard of*, appears from that delightful passage of Ben Jonson, quoted in the Phil. Mus. ii. xxi.

When this letter was written, Augustus Hare had broken down, and he, with his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Hare, were leaving England in search of health. He did not find it, and died, as we have said, at Rome, in February 1834. It was, as might be expected, a fair ending to a fair and self-denying life, clouded, though but a little, by that miserable superstition which makes bodily weakness, and the uncertainty as to the nature of the great change, into the attacks of a personal enemy.

He said, not long before his last attack, he had such a strong persuasion of Satan's agency, and that he felt as if he would make a last attack on his faith ; and he dreaded lest, if any great suffering came, he might dishonour his Christian character.

Happily

Happily this dread of non-existent agencies had left him before the end came, and all was calm both for him and his affectionate wife.

Mrs. Augustus Hare, lived for thirty-seven years after her husband's death. But there is little more to tell. She led for the most part an uneventful, peaceful, meditative life, made various tours abroad, gathered kind friends about her, who were all loved, and all deserving love. She wrote copious diaries and letters which are somewhat wearisome to the reader. *Eau sucrée* becomes after a time a somewhat vapid drink for the body, and pious as are the reflections, they afford to the mind somewhat analogous nourishment. It is very beautiful to watch and read of calm resignation and waiting, content with a world in which all is for the best, and hope of a world in which all will be better than the best. How far this temper may be carried may be seen by a special instance. Though we may admire the exquisite loveliness of many of our old cathedrals and all their surroundings, few who have stood in their nave on some week-day, and marked the scanty worshippers as they disperse, have not felt that, with all their religious apparatus, they have but slender result on English life and thought. The service on such a week-day has seemed to rattle in the edifice like the shrivelled kernel of a nut,
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as Charles Kingsley said in *Yeast*. But Mrs. Hare found a fitness in services which no one attended, save the hired and perfunctory worshippers. She writes of Norwich, as from the palace she hears the music from the adjacent cathedral :

Had I strength I would attend the service daily, for it seems to lift one quite out of the world. There is something most impressive in hearing, in the dusk of twilight, the beautiful music swelling through that lofty and magnificent temple to the glory of God. I feel, too, as if even the absence of any congregation made it more touching and solemn,—to think that day by day those most harmonious and beautiful songs of praise are resounding in the ear of God alone.

Ingenious optimism can scarcely go beyond that.

Mrs. Hare had not the strength, or depth, or brilliant mental power, which rendered it a duty to give her meditations to the world as if they had been the thoughts of a Maurice or an Eugénie de Guérin. Yet there are many who will think her own touching account of her intentions a sufficient justification for the large volumes in which her memory was enshrined.

ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

1820-1870.

IF a religious faith which unites the extremest freedom of criticism to a profound sentiment of reverence, the affection for old institutions and forms to an eager welcome for all new truth whencesoever it may come, shall ever grow more common among us than now it seems to be; if men shall then look back with wonder to days in which to inquire was called disloyal, and a desire for reformation branded as destructiveness, and shall ask who were the honest and brave pioneers of the advancing armies of free thought,—no name will claim more honourable mention, no life will more seem to have been taken from the Church of England when most it was needed, than the name and the life of Rowland Williams.

Yet it may be doubted if more than a very few know what we lost in him; his influence was rather deep than extended; it was the misfortune
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of his career that he was best known in precisely the very modes in which he would least have chosen that in happier times his work should have lain. Hence it is well to endeavour to estimate the place in English thought of one among the most remarkable theologians of our day.

It must not, however, be supposed that Dr. Williams considered himself as in any sense a worker with the extreme liberal party. It would be in the highest degree unfaithful to a man who was so eminently straightforward and outspoken, were it not made quite plain he was not of, but rather that he was against, it. In September 1865, he thus wrote to one who proposed that he should offer a contribution to *The Theological Review* :

As to the suggestion of writing therein, it may be very naturally addressed to me, since having been never connected with any Review since Lockhart's death, nor having, except once casually, written an article anywhere, I may be supposed to be in want of an organ. I do not, however, feel in myself the redundancy of vigour which makes reviewing a necessity for some men ; and, so far as I am able to write, prefer writing in other ways.

Besides this, having long stood alone in reality, I prefer doing so in appearance, and do not intend entangling myself with other men again. I need not enter on the ground of denominational doctrine, although it would have for me grave significance.

There is every reason for supposing that his
denominational

denominational position assumed ever more importance in his eyes, of which position he said at a somewhat later date :

If you bear in mind that I have for twelve years taught pure Anglicanism, explaining and defending the Articles clause by clause, and facilitating signature of them on the principle of believing them, you will partly understand why the only thing left for me is to jog on alone.

He was indeed alone. He speaks of "the intense mortification and embarrassment" caused by the want of any brother scholar with whom he could sympathise, and at his out-of-the-way parish, among the Wiltshire downas, there was probably no one in any degree able to appreciate the ripe culture, the subtlety of feeling, the polished style, of a man fitted to shine in one of our great centres of intellectual life.

And, again, he stood alone by consequence of his extreme refinement of thought, under which he showed himself sometimes intolerant of those who could not enter into his nice distinctions, and who did not see in the same light as he did the more involved questions of theology. This was especially the case in reference to those who claimed to follow his teaching to a very large extent, but did not always adopt his conclusions, or pressed them further than he considered there was need to press them. Some few perhaps he alienated,

alienated, and so made himself still more alone, by his keen epigrammatic style both in writing and in conversation. In this he spared neither friend nor foe; the sharp and delicate edge of his wit, playing so brightly, sometimes wounded those who, in the main, were on his side. But those who knew him well soon discovered that this trenchant blade was at the service of the intellect alone, that the heart was warm and tender and large; and they could then admire that brilliant wit even when it flashed towards them, and its light touch no longer gave pain.

The circumstances of Dr. Williams's life were in curious contrast to the part he played in the angry controversies of our day, and might have seemed to promise him the ordinary unruffled ease of a college don or a country vicar with a fair living. But it is the peculiarity of these times, and perhaps one of the trials they bring, that those who will reform and innovate are not usually called on to act. A Luther, a Cranmer, and in a measure the lesser men who took part in movements of which such are the chiefs, had to fling themselves vehemently into the whirl of the time, and endure sharp personal dangers from Duke Georges and Queen Marys, be ready for the inquisition or the stake.

But in danger there is ever a sense of keen
excitement

excitement which keeps a man up to his work, and which, so long as it stops short of the crowning martyrdom, is even pleasant. Luther, for instance, would seem to have enjoyed all the active part of his life, and the calm after storm at the end ; only when secluded from all strife, and simply engaged with his pen, was he most sorely tried, and, as he conceived, tempted of the devil. But in these days, when thought speaks more by pen than by deed and tongue, when therefore each man, though his work may be larger and more effective, sees its results less, many an one who leads a quiet life would fain cry with the poet :

I must mix myself with action lest I wither with despair,
yet no action lies open ; while taunts of desiring
a martyr's name without a martyr's danger are
recklessly flung by those who do not know the
suffering which comes of solitude and want of
sympathy. Not, however, that Dr. Williams was
an unhappy man ; but there were no doubt many
hours when solitude and inaction increased the
sæva indignatio which made his printed words so
scathing, somewhat like the taunts of an Homeric
hero to the foe he was unable to meet except with
the strife of tongues.

He was educated at Eton as a King's Scholar,
and proceeded in due course to King's College,
Cambridge,

Cambridge, which then had the unfortunate privilege of conferring degrees on its members without their being required to pass the ordeal of the schools. Hence while dunces rejoiced, the really able men had no adequate means of showing what was in them. Dr. Hawtrey, who was Head Master of Eton when Rowland Williams took his degree, offered him an Eton mastership, which he accepted, but only retained during one term. It is a radical fault of the Eton system that a young man, whatever his abilities, is, on going there as a master, placed to teach the lowest forms, and usually has to deal with only such boys as there fall under his hand. Fresh from the very highest subjects which his college reading can supply, and full of the last subtle refinements of progressive scholarship, he is obliged to teach children who need to be drilled to learn and to be kept in order. The work was not congenial to Dr. Williams, nor does a further tutorial employment at Cambridge appear to have been wholly satisfactory.

But, in accepting the post of Vice-Principal of Lampeter Theological College, he found work into which he could throw all his energy, and for which he was peculiarly fitted. For he was a thorough Welshman, with an enthusiastic love for his land, its tongue, its literature, perhaps only restrained by
his

his severely critical spirit from an exaggerated estimate of all things Kymric not uncommon in his countrymen.

He was an accomplished Hebraist, a good historian, as well as possessed of deep and varied culture and general literary tastes. And above all, he loved the Church of England with a love which seems, to even some of its members, excessive, which would, as above stated, defend even the Articles "clause by clause." It is true that at no time would his explanation of the doctrines of the Church have squared with the popular theology; it was always his aim to combine loyalty to formulas and ecclesiastical organisation with a wide and rational liberty of interpretation. Of modern divines, Archdeacon Hare; of elder, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, was most after his own heart. If it had been suggested to him that Bishop Taylor had in his mind two conflicting lines of thought, which drew him in two very different directions, it is possible that he might not have wholly admitted this, and yet have confessed that his sympathies were rather with the author of *The Liberty of Prophesying* than of the *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*. For such a man, the Lampeter College afforded a favourable opening, though it may be doubted whether, save in a few conspicuous instances,

stances, the material on which he had to work was quite worthy of the pains he took with it and the talent he brought to bear upon it.

At Lampeter he published his work, *Rational Godliness*, being sermons delivered for the most part in the College chapel, and somewhat expanded for the press. While in this book the most striking feature is the earnest, lofty, yet simple piety of the life and religion he would aid to form in his hearers, the teaching is "rational" in the best sense, that is, he does not admit for a moment that the reason and the faculties of man may not be exercised on things divine as well as on things human; he believes in the possibility of a strictly scientific theology, and touches on certain questions with a freedom not even now common among religious people, and less so at that time.

The volume was vehemently assailed, and with extreme want of candour. A local paper, the Carmarthen Journal, inserted some letters which, as it seemed to Dr. Williams, showed "how little their authors understand the book which they attack, or practise the one which they profess to defend." On this Dr. Williams addressed to the editor a pamphlet, in which he threw into the form of propositions the entire theological portion of his work. Although these theses professed to be a summary of the volume in question only, they
were

were in reality that of the teaching of his whole life. No man ever more clearly defined for himself the lines of his theology, no man was more distressed if he was misrepresented ; yet for others the lines were not equally clear, and it is very important, therefore, that the more striking of these propositions should be given in Dr. Williams's own words. The little pamphlet, which has probably almost ceased to exist, contains in marvellously terse language the very sum and substance of a wholesome pious and Protestant system, not always easy to formularise or render scientifically consistent.

Propositions extracted from or connected with a book called "Rational Godliness," which certain Pharisees have mishandled.

Revelation is an unveiling of the true God, especially as Love and as a Spirit to the eyes of our mind. Much of the evidence of revelation consists in its conformity to whatever is best in the moral nature given and kept alive in us by our Maker. Hence to vilify mankind overmuch is not honouring Almighty God so much as desecrating His handiwork, and is injurious to religion.

There was a preparation for the Gospel of Christ, not only amongst Jews, but amongst Gentiles. God left Himself nowhere without witness, but fashioned the hearts of the heathen, and put a scripture in their conscience.

Holy Scripture . . . is a record of revelations to be regarded with veneration. It is to be universally read, and to be studied with reverence, with candour, and with prayer. But it is by no means our paramount source of secular knowledge, in which the Hebrews were not our masters, and in which

which Divine Providence instructs us daily. Hence as regards things of earth it contains the thoughts of fallible men. It expresses the Hebrew range of ideas, which is not, and ought not to be, ours. We none of us go to the Bible to learn practically any trade or art, and it only causes confusion in our religious theories, with often distress of mind, for inconsiderate divines to speak as if we ought to do so.

Scripture is the work of men divinely inspired, in the sense in which St. Paul meant inspiration. But the sacred writers did not mean that they had revealed to them supernaturally the facts of daily life and experience.

If any religious teacher does not see that the Bible contains a human element, liable to all the conditions of humanity, he has never studied the book as he ought. If he knows it and denies it, he sins against the religion of truth which he professes.

As inspiration concerns things of Heaven, so is it principally and generally a right feeling of the truth of God, and bears but indirectly or by reflection upon things of earth. . . The books of the New Testament were not *dictated* in words audible from the clouds of heaven, but are an expression by the writers both of historical and personal experience, and also of truths taught them through their feelings by the Holy Spirit of God. Hence Biblical language exhibits all the peculiarities of each writer's country, age and character.

Inspiration, even in its proper sphere, does not imply omniscience. We may believe a message, though the servant who carries it does not pretend to know all his master's secrets.

What Bishop Butler conceded hypothetically, that all prophecies of Christ in the Old Testament referred primarily to the Jewish people, kings or prophets, must in the present state of Biblical criticism be frankly accepted as a fact.

The Holy Ghost was the sacred writers' teacher through the medium of their heart, rather than of their hands. Hence there

there is nothing in the text of Scripture but what has passed through the mind of the scribe.

... The books of Holy Scripture are written by different authors in different ages, and will be understood better in proportion as their authorship is correctly known. . . If any bad consequences should hence arise [from a discovery that certain books or portions of books are not by the authors whose names they bear], it will not be from the facts, but from unwise concealment of them. Jesus Christ came into the world to bear witness to the Truth. All other hindrances to his religion have not together been so great, as those from the inconsistency of persons who defend it by falsehood.

In considering our Saviour's miracles, we should lay more stress on the moral significance and beneficence, than on the mere element of power.

In arguing for Christianity with a Hindoo, we might do so more forcibly from the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer, than from the passage of the Red Sea or the earthquake at the Crucifixion. The moral evidence would be in our hands, but the miraculous would be remote.

The best evidence of Christianity is a Christian life.

It is even now desirable that such a relaxation of our formularies should be granted, as might have enabled men like Baxter to conform to the Church.

It is a subject for innocent discussion whether, by demoniac possession, the Jews did not mean a violent disease.

Personality is a metaphysical term rather than a scriptural term, and may convey to some minds a grosser or more material conception, but to others a more delicate one. If good persons think that, by intensifying such an idea in reference to the Spirit of Evil, they are enabled to fight, as it were, more vividly against the hosts of darkness, I say nothing to disturb them. But if any one without authority imposes on me a metaphysical term, he must first define it clearly,

clearly, and then prove his definition. Some theories on this point have been broached, savouring more of Zoroaster than of Christ.

Those to whom the principles sustained in these propositions have become as familiar as the air they breathe, a very part of themselves; those who have been encouraged and enabled to speak out boldly on some points where these propositions were advanced only tentatively, may do well to remind themselves that, five and twenty years ago, English theology was in a very different state; and many may admit that it was in large measure in consequence of the discussion which this book raised, that their own opinions grew more definitely and willingly liberal. The number of those who digested the theses may have been small; but each of them was a centre from which the views therein contained have been surely and sensibly spreading.

While still resident at Cambridge, Dr. Williams had written a prize essay on the Relation of Christianity to the Religions of the East, especially within our Indian Empire. This he expanded at a later period into a book less known than it deserves to be, but by far the most important of his works, *Christianity and Hinduism*. In this, adopting the old form of the Platonic Dialogue, he passes in review the religious systems of the
East,

East, and endeavours to show that the Theism which Jesus taught, and which we name Christianity, is really the fulfilment and crown of those imperfect religions, as it was of the imperfect religion of the Jews. He here develops the proposition stated above, that not only among the Jews, but among the Gentiles also, was a preparation for the Gospel. If Christianity is ever to take hold of the higher intellects of the East, it can only be by means of missionaries who will go in the spirit of this book, of sympathy and even admiration for the nobler side of each grand old faith; who will not hold as simply accursed, religions in which millions of men live and die. But it is not with a view to missionary enterprise that the book is most interesting and useful. Competent scholars have declared that it is the best work on the whole subject of those strange religions and religious customs of the East which most of us know so ill. Incidentally there is scarce a difficulty presented by Christianity, or even religion, which is not touched on in this book, and on which, whether readers agree with Dr. Williams or not, light is not thrown and help given by profound thought clothed in forcible and beautiful language.

The subject which Dr. Williams regarded as peculiarly his own was that of Prophecy. To his
eyes,

eyes, the idea of it expressed above constantly grew clearer. What is called Messianic interpretation had probably vanished from his system long since, though, of course, neither he nor any one else would deny that many words spoken by a prophet "of himself or of some other man" in his own days, proved afterwards to be even more applicable to Jesus, conceived of as the expected Jewish Messiah. Unhappily only one volume of a new Translation of the Prophets, on which he had been engaged for some years, was published before his death, and another, which was ready for the press, appeared soon after; but a large part of the work, as he planned it, can never now see the light. In so much of the work as was published, the prefaces and notes gave full proof of that fact which many people feel instinctively, even if they have not made, as he had, the prophetic books the study of a life, that each word pronounced by a prophet refers to his own time, and solely to his own time, and that prophecy in the sense of prediction has never existed, save in the way in which all may prophesy who can draw conclusions from premisses and inferences from facts.

To an interesting work on Daniel, by the late Mr. Desprez, Dr. Williams contributed a preface of great value and learning, but it is too controversial to allow the hope that it will be a work lastingly

lastingly read. It is almost entirely devoted to a refutation of Dr. Pusey on the same prophet, and most of those who would read anything on that side of the controversy would consider that it slays the already slain.

The works just mentioned were published long after Dr. Williams accepted from his college the living of Broad Chalke; but the subjects of the books named flowed naturally from the quotation of the propositions which they severally expanded. There is no need to dwell longer on his useful life at Lampeter. His teaching, so vehemently assailed, drew him into much and distressing personal controversy with more than one Welsh Bishop, which, as well as similar ones which arose at a future time and called out *An earnestly respectful Letter to the Lord Bishop of St. David's*, may now be suffered to sleep in peace. Another controversy, of historical and theological importance, cannot so be treated.

Little need be said about the volume itself called *Essays and Reviews*. It was not originally much, if at all, more remarkable than the various volumes of *Oxford and Cambridge Essays* which it succeeded; it was raised into importance by the exceeding folly of that useless and fussy society, Convocation, and by the prosecutions directed against two of the writers, Dr. Williams and the

Rev.

Rev. H. B. Wilson. In the book were simply stated in a popular form the results at which many competent scholars have arrived on certain points of Biblical criticism. Dr. Williams's Essay was designed to show the influence on modern theological knowledge exercised by the late Baron von Bunsen. The good results of the trial which ensued from the prosecution of Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson were, that the liberties of the Church of England were thereby asserted, it having been decided by the highest Court that all that they had taught in those Essays was not inconsistent with their legal obligations. The evil result was personal; the estrangement between two men so excellent and so devoted, living so close the one to the other, as the late Bishop of Salisbury and Dr. Williams; and the miserable suspicions, heart-burnings and strifes, which it stirred among the clergy who thought themselves called upon to express any opinion in the controversy. Who can wonder that this prosecution threw somewhat of bitterness into Dr. Williams's way of considering the orthodox party, and, if he adopted the somewhat exaggerated conclusion, that he alone of living men represented the strictly Anglican rational theology? This feeling is strikingly exemplified in a pamphlet, privately printed, called *Hints to my Counsel in the Court of Arches*.

From

From this may be extracted a few sentences, clearly defining what the writer held to be his own position :

The defendant accepts the Articles as they are, and claims to teach by them with fidelity and clearness unsurpassed by living man.

In the death of Christ the Blood is the outward sign—either as the most striking feature, or because blood in the Old Testament stands for life, and bloody sacrifices were sacrifices of life. It does not follow that this *sign* should, in practical exhortation, be exalted above the patience and self-devotion of the dying Saviour, or that Almighty God should be represented as having a cannibal pleasure in blood, and not rather in the obedience to the Father's will which made the Son spare not His precious life's blood.

Our soldiers ransomed half-lost Hindostan with their blood ; that is, with their lives. If a mutinous regiment were pardoned because its officers died leading a forlorn hope, those officers would have bought the pardon with their blood ; not that the Supreme Authority would rejoice in their blood-shedding, but in their self-sacrificing virtue.

The defendant's doctrine under this head so little needs apology, that it is the doctrine of every thoughtful divine, if not of every saint, in every age.

It must on no account be conceded that the duty of examination ceases at the moment when a clergyman is ordained. More truly it may be argued, that previously to that date few men have the maturity of thought or extent of research which qualify them to arrive at conclusions.

Baxter ascribes the sharp controversial flavour of his own style to four reasons : (1) the growing sourness of his humour, or wearied familiarity with his subject : (2) a hatred of the flattering humour which now prevaleth so in the world, that few persons are able to bear the truth ; (3) a long custom of studying how to speak and write in the keenest man-

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ner to the common, ignorant, and ungodly people, without which keenness to them no sermon nor book does much good ; (4) a strong natural inclination to speak of a thing just as it is, and to call a spade a spade, so that the thing spoken of may be fullest known by the words.

Such explanation of his own style the defendant pleads.

Dr. Williams's ministry at Broad Chalke gave rise to a volume of *Sermon-Essays*, discourses delivered to a village congregation, and, as was his wont, afterwards worked out elaborately for more cultivated readers.

Such, and no more, were his public work and life ; but both were of the kind which continually bears fruit, and the more liberal thought advances, the more will his influence be felt. His books will not die ; it was the accident of his career that he was best known by the least important of them ; the rest will take and keep their place among the standard works of a liberal theology. And in future years it will be seen that he once, "in a minority of one," proclaimed a truth become the intimate conviction of thousands ; he will be remembered with affectionate admiration, and not forgotten as a mere *sentinelle perdue*.

Those whom stern experience has not taught how unswerving and indiscriminate are those laws which regulate life and death, may find it strange that the master of some, and the friend of many more, is taken away. For all things seemed to
promise

promise a long career of happy usefulness. The strifes engendered by *Essays and Reviews* were dying away, and much acerbity of feeling was buried in the grave of good Bishop Hamilton. A tinge of somewhat more pronounced orthodoxy was stealing over the thoughts and words of the tried liberal, though in all essential matters he was unchanged. This had conciliated neighbours and not estranged old admirers, who saw him, even in the last months of his life, doing battle at Birmingham for the principles of the Education League. He was still within middle life, in full possession of bodily and intellectual vigour.

Perhaps even Broad Chalke seemed less lonely and out of the world when he had no longer to drive, as it were, through an enemy's country into Salisbury, the very headquarters of opposition and distrust. Old friends went there to find from the vicar and his wife a genial and cordial hospitality, a freshness and wealth of conversation which carried the hearers back in thought to the best Oxford and Cambridge Common and Combination Rooms, where, as it seems to those who are there no longer, human speech is at its very highest, most unconsciously bright and deep. And though Dr. Williams once wrote, "We both enjoy solitude very much, but our enjoyment of it at Chalke is almost too complete," it was, when the sun shone
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and the chalk-mud was dry, a place with a peculiar charm. The long sweeps of down, with their cliff-like sides, along which you walked looking into a sea of valley below, with the old water-lines so clearly marked that the country sounds rising to the height seemed mixed with murmurs of the ancient sea, the heights fading off into the old woodland and the green glories of fair Cranbourne Chase; all these made the surroundings of that home very much that was congenial to one who had an eye for Nature and her works. The inner life of the home was very happy, and full also of the love which flowed in from outside, from the hearts of parishioners who admired and respected their vicar, and found in him an unwearying, affectionate friend.

Speculation is idle now; yet it is impossible not to wonder if this was all that was reserved for so real a scholar, had longer life been his; if, by the gift of Dr. Williams to his countrymen again, at the hands of a Liberal Ministry, would ever have been answered the request of Welshmen for a Welsh Bishop. Such were the idle thoughts of some who drove sadly, on a bright, cold winter day, January 24th, 1870, to attend the funeral of their friend, taken away after a few days' illness. But all such questions were stilled, in presence of the sad reality, by the one overmastering feeling that

that he was in the hands of God and needed no earthly honours. The funeral procession, moving through a close line of parishioners nearly all in black, into a crowded church ; the hesitating notes of the choir, who sung two funeral hymns ; the agitated accents of the tried friend who read the service ; all testified to the strong love felt for the dead by those who knew his warm heart.

It was a day with a keen and biting wind, but with bright sun-gleams striking up along the valley sides and on the churchyard graves. He was laid near the southern boundary of the churchyard, and his parishioners will pass his resting-place as they draw towards the porch. In their hearts, and in those of his friends, his memory will long be fresh ; and when they are dead who knew him, all angry controversy will have fallen off from his memory, and the teaching of Christianity and Hinduism, Rational Godliness, Sermon Essays, and the Prophetic volumes, will no longer be dimmed by any thought of strife, and will be regarded only as a part of that free, devout and critical literature, which shall foster the growth of a free and devout religious spirit like his own.

1870.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

1819-1875.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S life was not eventful. But his was so prominent a figure in English society for so many years; he flung himself so vehemently, so chivalrously, and sometimes so recklessly into action or controversy which interested him; he was so many-sided, thereby attracting the sympathy, affection, or hostility of such various classes of people; he has been the subject alike of so extravagant praise and exaggerated blame, that it may be well to sketch the man as he looked to one at least among those who knew him best.

For some twenty years he was the most popular clergyman in England. Others have been equally loved, or revered, or notorious, each in his own circle, some in more than one circle, but no man ever appealed to so large numbers, and to so different classes. Dr. Newman, Dr. Martineau,
Dean

Dean Stanley, and in their degrees Mr. Haweis or Mr. Stopford Brooke, all represent, or have represented, considerable bodies ; Robertson's fame has greatly widened since his death ; but none of these names express at all the sort of influence which Kingsley exerted. He was not a profound or subtle thinker, though he was so eager and so various ; he was not a Protestant Pope to his own co-religionists ; he did not veil his conclusions even from himself in a cloud of graceful words, but always tried to define sharply what at the moment he believed ; he never cast himself on the stream of his eloquence to say haphazard all that passed through his brain, in whatever words came readiest ; he did not become the preacher of culture only, rather than of a gospel to the poor. But he was equally at home in the pulpit of the Queen's Chapel or of the Abbey, and in an obscure church delivering the message of the Church to working men. His large genial nature attracted alike the princes who strove to alleviate the sufferings of his last hours, and the gipsies who strewed, and still strew, flowers on his grave. Now and then in his later years it was said that Kingsley had become a courtier, and forgotten his zeal for reform and for the poor ; but it was never really believed ; there was no sign that the large trust which had been given him was withdrawn ; men
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of the people were his correspondents and friends to the last.

Yet his personal fascination must have been very great; for it may be admitted there were acts which, till explained by that white light which beats on a dead man's face, seem to militate against his consistency. He ceased to agitate and to appear on Radical platforms; he became a Court Chaplain and a Canon of Westminster; he re-wrote that portion of *Alton Locke* which had reflected on the manners of the undergraduates at Cambridge. And although all this may bear a quite satisfactory aspect when rightly understood, there is much also which would have ruined great portions of the popularity of a man less beloved. In the controversy with Dr. Newman he was signally worsted, and all but a few felt he had made a grave mistake, yet he offered no *amende* to the great man whom he had attacked without any adequate justification. He came forward on a public occasion to justify the deeds of Eyre in Jamaica; he who had been the fierce assailant of the doctrine of everlasting damnation, joined with the rigid Church party in upholding the Athanasian Creed. Yet it seems that he never lost the love of a friend, or was counted by any who knew him as willingly and consciously unfaithful to the Liberal cause.

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It is more than thirty years since Kingsley's name first rose into notice as that of an author of originality, versatility, and power. *The Saint's Tragedy*, *Yeast*, and *Twenty-five Village Sermons*, in whatever order published, were all before the public at much the same time, and either book would have been enough to mark the author as no common man. Taken collectively, they were the notes of a chord which was echoed back from the hearts of many young men who wanted, and thought they had found, a leader. The time was not over in which they looked for a leader in a clergyman; those who turned from the Tractarian teachers, and who were filled with the dawning liberalism of the day, were glad to adhere for a time to one who was the typical liberal Churchman, as it then seemed. Kingsley was a pupil and devoted follower of Mr. Maurice, whom many considered as a sort of prophet, none the less because he was often unintelligible. Kingsley appealed to the manly side of their nature, and seemed at the same time to interpret the dark sayings of the sage.

Those who, in the years of which I speak, were constant guests at Eversley, can never forget that happy home. Kingsley was in the vigour of his manhood and of his intellectual strength, was administering his parish with enthusiasm, was reading,
writing,

writing, fishing, walking, preaching; talking with a twenty-parson power, but was at the same time wholly unlike the ordinary conventional parson.

The picturesque bow-windowed rectory rises to memory as it stood with all its doors and windows open on certain hot summer days, the sloping bank with its great fir-trees, the garden—a gravel sweep before the drawing-room and dining-room, a grass plot before the study hedged off from the walk—and the tall active figure of the rector tramping up and down one or the other. His energy made him seem everywhere, and to pervade every part of house and garden. The MS. of the book he was writing lay open on a rough standing desk, which was merely a shelf projecting from the wall; his pupils, two in number, and treated as his own sons, were working in the dining-room, his guests perhaps lounging on the lawn or working in the study. And he had time for all, going from his writing to lecturing on optics, or to a passage in Vergil, from this to a vehement conversation with a guest, or tender care for his wife, who was far from strong, or a romp with his children. He would work himself into a sort of white heat over his book till, too excited to write more, he would calm himself down by a pipe, pacing his grass plot in thought, with long strides. He was a great smoker, and tobacco

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was for him a needful sedative. He always used a long clean *churchwarden*, and these pipes used to be bought a barrel-full at a time. They lurked in all sorts of unexpected places. A pipe would suddenly be extracted from a bush in the garden, filled and lighted as by magic, or one has been even drawn from a *whin* bush on the heath, some half mile from the house. But none was ever smoked which was in any degree foul, and when there was a vast accumulation of old pipes, enough to fill the barrel, they were sent back again to the kiln to be rebaked, and returned fresh and new. This gave him a striking simile, which in *Alton Locke* he puts into the mouth of James Crossthwaite. "Katie here believes in purgatory, where souls are burnt clean again like 'bacca pipes."

In the afternoons he would visit one or another of his scattered hamlets or single cottages on the heaths. Those who have read *My Winter Garden* in the *Miscellanies* know how he loved the moor under all its aspects and the great groves of firs. Nothing was ever more real than Kingsley's parish visiting. He believed absolutely in the message he bore to the poor, and the health his ministrations conveyed to their souls; but he was at the same time a zealous sanitary reformer, and cared for their bodies also. He once visited, it

was

was a typical instance out of many such, a sick man suffering from fever. The atmosphere of the little ground-floor room was horrible, but before Kingsley said a word he ran upstairs, and, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of the cottage, bored, with a large auger he had brought with him, several holes above the bed's head for ventilation. His reading in the sick-room and his words were wholly free from cant. The Psalms and the Prophets, with judicious omissions, seemed to gain new meaning as he read them, and his after words were always cheerful and hopeful. Sickness, in his eyes, seemed always to sanctify and purify.

On the week-day evenings he often held a "Cottage lecture," or short service for the old and feeble who lived at a distance from church. To this, if the night were wet or cold, he would sally forth in a fisherman's knitted blouse; then and always his costume was studiously non-clerical.

Old and new friends came and went as he grew famous, and the drawing-room evening conversations and readings, the tobacco parliaments later into the night, included many of the most remarkable persons of the day. Those were perhaps the happiest years of Kingsley's life; they are those in which some of us best like to think of him.

His

His appointment to the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge was at once cause for satisfaction and regret—regret, since it certainly was a post for which he had no special qualifications; satisfaction, because the influence he exerted over many young men was largely beneficial. Due, no doubt, to the personal weight of the Prince Consort, and to his desire that Kingsley should, in a non-official way, be directly attached to the Prince of Wales during his stay at Cambridge, this post brought the Professor into contact with those whom in no other way he would have affected, and made him a real power in university life. One who was staying at Cambridge at the time of the Prince Consort's death, remembers how he was moved by it as at the loss of a personal friend. He walked over to Madingley the next day with Kingsley, who wished to hear Windsor news from some of the household, and met on the way some of the specially chosen young associates of the Prince of Wales. The companion can never forget, nor probably will those who were addressed forget, the earnest, solemn, and agitated tones in which he spoke of the Prince Consort's care for his son, and the duty which lay on them, that son's friends, to see that they did all in their power to enforce the wise counsel of him who was dead.

There is no need to follow Kingsley to his Canonries,

Canonries, first of Chester then of Westminster, nor inquire too closely whether, when the ladder of place had once been reached, there did not come a tinge of ambition and a desire of further reward which those who loved him best would fain have seen away. Through it all, however, there was a touching love of Eversley, his earliest preferment, the home of his marriage, and the birth-place of his children ; he always said that he would accept nothing which severed his connection with it, and there when his health became worse he returned to die.

Kingsley's literary work is before the public, and it will live or die by a natural law, according as it is worthy to live or die. Yet it may not be unfitting to endeavour to estimate, as far as may be done while awaiting the sure verdict of the future, his place in English literature.

His work must be studied in a three-fold character, that of a theologian, novelist, and poet. We purposely omit politician, for, so far as he considered the subject of politics at all, he did so only through theology, and he had no care for any large and general questions of statesmanship. For a very considerable period, and that the one in which he was interesting himself most actively in the condition of the working-classes, he took in no daily newspaper, and the "Spectator," then under
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the editorship of Mr. Rintoul, was his only weekly journal. He seems to have had political instincts, but no political principles, and these instincts drew him in two different directions. First, hereditarily, he was sprung on the one side from a good old county family, and, on the other, from West Indian slaveholders; he had, therefore, much of the feudal lord's feeling combined with the pride of a dominant race. Loyalty ran in his blood, and all the Creole nature sprang to the front when he heard of the rising in Jamaica. The strong bias of Toryism was long counteracted by his intense sympathy with individual suffering. He could and did realise the wants of the poor—chill penury, insufficient wages, a large part of which, in town-work, was swallowed up by middlemen; he could not realise the larger misery which would result from kingly families having the power to rule, and from the Eyres repressing rebellion, themselves unchecked. Therefore, when he saw sorrow, he fought against it with such weapons as he had at hand; it was by an accident that they were those used by Radicals, and that his mental protests against wrong-doing expressed themselves in Radical language. Indeed, when the sufferings of humanity are concerned, what other tongue is there to use than that in which all reformers have spoken? But the
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the action he then took, and the words he spoke, were aside from his proper work, which was that of religious teacher ; he was before all things a priest, and, when once the strong excitement was past which drew him away to become a Christian Socialist, his hereditary tendencies inclined him to a certain lofty but always beneficent rule of the lower orders by the higher. These being his political instincts, he satisfied the contradictory feeling of equality, which had been developed in him, by his deep power of sympathy, by his conception of the great theological kingdom, in which the equality of men before God by no means upset their inequalities in regard to each other.

Kingsley's theology was always interesting, if incoherent and illogical, founded on a basis with which reason had little to do, in which tradition and emotion played almost equal parts, but the superstructure was one reared with much common sense. From a creed which logically and severely included them all, he rejected many doctrines which were harsh and cruel. He held, as we have seen, the Athanasian Creed, while rejecting eternal damnation, and used the account of the conquest of Canaan to prove the exceeding love of God. The Canaanitish nations had filled up the measure of their iniquity, and were to be put out of the way ; how far more merciful and loving

loving of God to give them into the hands of man than to kill them by the brute forces of nature ; how much better to die by massacre than by, for instance, an earthquake, as of Lisbon ; and to the slaughterers was a great lesson taught, that they were God's agents, and were not to carry out their own lusts and desires. This is no caricature of a series of papers called *Bible Politics ; or, God Justified to the People*.

But, however illogical, his preaching and ministrations were an incalculable comfort to many, who by him were encouraged to live manly, pure, self-restrained lives, sustained by that which still is, to the great majority, the only stay. He fostered that Broad Church theology which, utterly inadequate as a resting-ground, has yet been to so many a passage from bondage into freedom ; and destitute himself of the critical spirit, he treated the Bible in a free yet reverent manner, which prepared others for the conclusions of modern research. Profoundly penetrated with the conviction that the Bible and science would be found to be at one, with an eager admiration for nature and a love for physical science, he never discouraged or flouted research, but, on the contrary, aided it in every way. His favourite studies were geology and botany, rather in detail than in wide sweeps of knowledge. He sat at the feet of and encouraged

encouraged others to learn from Darwin ; but, intent on the specimens on the lecture table as it were, he did not follow the motions of the teacher's baton pointing far beyond.

In the controversy with Dr. Newman, there can be no doubt that Kingsley strengthened his adversary's hand ; yet some of his most vigorous letters are on the Roman question ; and, as against that side, from the religious Protestant standpoint, they are very clever. Perhaps their arguments may seem to make against more than Rome alone.

Far in excess, however, of the numbers who knew, or will know, Charles Kingsley as a theologian, are those who knew him as a writer of fiction. The time comes to most people when all but a very few novels of the highest art pall upon them, and perhaps Kingsley is not re-read with very great delight. Neither do men now talk of his novels as though they were much in the hands of this generation ; but there can be no doubt that for a time he was the most popular novelist in England. Few men since Walter Scott have succeeded in England in making historical novels readable. But Kingsley did, and *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho !* are not only excellent in plot, with careful character-drawing and exquisite writing, but the local colour is admirably caught and kept. In fact, one of the faults which may be found with both these

these works is, that they are too carefully studied, there is a sense of oppression in the laboured minuteness; we long for a daring Shaksperian anachronism, such as "ordnance shot off" in the days of Hamlet, or an honest violation of geography, such as a sea-coast of Bohemia. In these novels Kingsley proved himself to have one great quality of a poet, he saw by his mind the scenes in which his characters were placed. Those who know the climate and aspect of Alexandria and the Desert, and of the tropics, are amazed at the great accuracy of the word-painting. Not *At Last* itself is truer to the scenery of South America than is *Westward Ho!* written while the scenes were only those of vision and of hope. But beyond the word-painting—so attractive while fresh, so apt to weary in the re-reading—there was another reason for the great popularity of these books, a reason which time weakens. They were all novels with a purpose, and wholly intelligible only while their subject was before the minds of the audience. *Yeast*, the earliest, and in some respects the most vigorous, depicted in a really striking manner the ideas and impulses which were fermenting in the brains of young men more than thirty years since, the yeast works in these days under changed conditions and in different matter. The temptations of Lancelot Smith,

Smith, though they were the same *au fond* as those of men now, since the world and the flesh are always at hand, yet took very different forms. Lancelot's cousin, the ascetic young curate about to go to Rome, and the mystical person at the end, of whose appearance the author himself can only say, "Omnia exeunt in mysterium," would have no influence on the Lancelots of our own day. Each man faces for himself the problems of his own time, and the armour of a former generation is valueless to the warriors of the present. So, too, *Alton Locke* was deeply occupied with the very beginnings of the labour question, Trades' unions, with which Kingsley never sympathised, were yet to be; the then condition of society is past. So, too, is past the religious frame of mind in which doubts were to be assuaged by Bunsen's form of faith, and for Bunsen was intended the glib and kindly Dean who rationalises miracle for Alton Locke. And in *Westward Ho!* where the motive for the story was the struggle with Rome, though that struggle is still vigorous, the whole battlefield and one of the combatants have changed. Then Kingsley depicted the conflict between Rome and Protestantism as a religion; now it is between Rome as the representative of religion, and free thought, science, and unbelief. Protestantism as a religion is dead, and can only
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be galvanised into a semblance of life. So, too, it will be found, in all the more important works, that whether or not nominally concerned with the past, Kingsley was occupied with a present which has slipped away, and is really more removed from our day than much which in time is far more distant. The result is, that the enduring popularity of these books is scarce to be expected. Just because of their passionate earnestness they grow less intelligible to another generation. Without pretending to compare the two men, it may yet be said that one cause of Scott's lasting fame is, that he was *not* intensely in earnest in regard to the inculcation of direct teaching of any kind, and his characters, in whatever time he placed them, are the ordinary men and women of any period, not those penetrated and singularised by the spirit of the age. Only the upholstery and millinery belongs to any special date. He draws the bustle and pageant of an historic time, but does not touch its depths, nor, under a figure, the passions of his own age. The great court of Elizabeth is only the stage for the sorrows of a neglected wife; and if plots and conspirators are found in *Rob Roy*, they are only intended to bring into prominence the charms of Di Vernon, a dark background for a fair maiden, made to worship.

There

There are charming passages in the novels, but again they are somewhat tedious. Kingsley wanted the power of concentration; he had a vast command of picturesque and forcible language, but no scene he ever wrote is considered stroke by stroke, so as to leave on us the impression of strength in reserve, or of which the actual phrases remain in the memory. Contrast, for instance, the scene in which Amyas Leigh hangs the Spanish American Bishop, with Scott's murder of Porteous, or note how the latter has no single needless word in the wonderful scene between Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline, and Kingsley's luxuriant excess, his wash of colour as contrasted with the sharpness of steel-engraving, will be seen at once.

Kingsley will probably as a poet have left his mark on the literature of our day, and this although he has not written any large quantity of verse from which posterity may choose. There are, indeed, many writers whose mark on literature has been made by but a few lines. Wolfe will live by *The Burial of Sir John Moore* as long as the language lasts in which it is written. So if Charles Kingsley had written nothing but *The Three Fishers*, *The Sands o' Dee*, *The Bad Squire*, and a few more ballads, he would have been known hereafter as one of our most musical
lyrists.

lyrists. His occasional blank verse also, which metre he called "the verse of verses," had remarkable merit. The following is one of his less-known poems, as he originally wrote it, without a few subsequent alterations, which were not improvements:—

" Even as an eagle crying all alone
Above the vineyards through the summer night,
Among the skeletons of robber towers,
Because the ancient eyrie of his race
Is trenched and walled by busy-handed men,
And all his forest chace and woodland wild,
Wherefrom he fed his young with hare and roe,
Are trim with grapes which swell from hour to hour,
And toss their golden tendrils to the sun
For joy at their own riches :—So in time
The great devourers of the earth shall sit,
Idle and impotent, they know not why,
Down staring from their barren heights of pride
On nations grown too wise to slay and slave,
The puppets of the few, while peaceful lore
And fellow-help make glad the heart of earth
With wonders which they fear and hate, as he,
The eagle, hates the vineyard slopes below."

It is interesting to know that this was written on the Rhine on his first tour abroad, in 1851. "How strange," he writes to his wife, "that my favourite psalm about 'the hills of the robbers' should have come the very day I went up the Rhine;" and he speaks again of the Castle of Sonneck as the very *beau idéal* of the robber's nest

nest. Here, no doubt, he saw, as others have seen, the eagles flying so close above the Rhine steamer that the very flash of the eye and turn of the neck could be seen.

The Saint's Tragedy should take increasingly high rank among English dramas, and, in the years to come, place Kingsley on a lofty pedestal. The publication of this work in 1848 made little impression on the literary world in England. But what Bunsen said of it to Max Müller is noteworthy :

Of Kingsley's dramatic power I do not hesitate to call these two works, *The Saint's Tragedy* and *Hypatia*, by far the most important and perfect of this genial writer. In these more particularly I find the justification of a hope which I beg to be allowed to express—that Kingsley might continue Shakespeare's historical plays. I have for several years made no secret of it, that Kingsley seems to me the genius of our country called to place by the side of that sublime dramatic series from King John to Henry VIII. another series from Edward VI. to the landing of William of Orange. . . . The tragedy of "Saint Elizabeth" shows that Kingsley can grapple not only with the novel, but with the more severe rules of dramatic art.

With hearty admiration for Kingsley's genius, the notion of his continuing Shakspeare is like Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper continuing Christabel ; but though *The Saint's Tragedy* is not Shakspeare or Shaksperian, it is a very fine play, and
Kingsley

Kingsley has here the great advantage of a subject which is not local nor temporary in interest, but broadly and grandly human. The controversy between asceticism and the frank acceptance of man's nature, restrained only by such rules as experience teaches are best for society, and therefore for the individual, is not the narrow issue between Rome and Protestantism, though once in the world's history it had to be fought out as though it were. In many religions, asceticism has played its dark part; in fact, it is the larger and the more real side of them; the revolt against it is in general a revolt against religion, and in so far as Protestantism retained the dogmas of Catholicism, it retained the root of asceticism; it rebelled against it just so far as it abandoned the dogmas. One of the objects which Kingsley proposed to himself in writing his drama was to cause each Englishman who read it to ask himself:

I, as a Protestant, have been accustomed to assert the purity and dignity of the offices of husband, wife, parent. Have I ever examined the grounds of my own assertion? Do I believe them to be as callings from God, spiritual, sacramental, divine, eternal? *Or am I at heart regarding and using them, like the Papist, merely as Heaven's indulgence to the infirmities of fallen man?*

We should not all put our view of human relations into Kingsley's words, but we may all protest

test in his spirit against the doctrine contained in the words italicised.

Baron Bunsen was certainly right in taking a very high estimate of the dramatic power shown, and of the way in which, first element of dramatic success, Kingsley has caught the spirit of the time in which his scene was laid. For this he deserves especial credit, when it is remembered that thirty years ago it was very difficult indeed for young men to see the Middle Ages except through the telescope held to their eyes by the Tractarian party, and that one of the most popular books of the day was Kenelm Digby's almost forgotten *The Broad Stone of Honour*. It is of this that Kingsley speaks in his preface : " So rough and common-life a picture of the Middle Ages will be far from acceptable to those who take their notions of that period principally from such exquisite dreams as the fictions of Fouqué and of certain moderns, whose graceful minds, like some enchanted well,

' In whose calm depths the pure and beautiful
Alone are mirrored,'

are, on account of their very sweetness and simplicity, singularly unfitted to convey any true likeness of the coarse and stormy Middle Age." In those who re-read this tragedy now, after many years, the old feelings are awakened which made Kingsley's name so much to a knot of young University men, none
of

of whom, perhaps, thought with him in their later life, although his influence lifted them in those days above self-indulgence and sloth, and was the motive cause which made them take what part they could in the battle of life. But if this should be a mistake, and if *The Saint's Tragedy* does not live among the great literary works of the Victorian age, it is much to have moved the feelings of any time as Kingsley moved those of that in which he lived. For, after all, we build unconsciously the growing structure of which the full perfection is yet further in the distance than its beginnings are in the past—we build like the insects on a coral reef, and few indeed can be distinguished for more than a few moments among that toiling crowd; the stimulus which is given by hearty work lives on when the work itself is buried, and the individuality obscured in the scene of labour and the multitude of toilers. And Kingsley was altogether a stimulating neighbour, co-worker, and friend. His eagerness led him into many situations in which it could only be asked, “*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*” There was scarce a question on which he would not give an answer to persons who wrote to him as if he had been in possession of the whole counsel of God, and his great fluency enabled him to put words now and then in the place of thought. But when he was assailed, and had right on his side, he could concentrate his
forces

forces, and hit, as it were, straight from the shoulder with tremendous effect. For example, *The Guardian* newspaper reviewed *Yeast* in a flagrantly unfair and bitter article, leaving out a "not," and making Kingsley say the very thing to which he was giving an indignant denial. Kingsley turned on the reviewer with the answer of Pascal's Father Valerian in the *Lettres Provinciales*, "Mentiris impudentissime," and few who looked into the matter could feel the words too strong. The "Sturm and Drang" of the man's whole life, the stormy controversies in which he was engaged are evidence how much he inspired his generation, and whether we agree with him or not, the stimulus he gave to it did incalculable good.

Many years ago, a friend on his way from Eversley travelled from Reading to London with Miss Mitford, who did not then know Kingsley, though they afterwards became very good friends. She said she had driven by Eversley churchyard a few days before, and had seen Kingsley reading the funeral service ; that he looked like what she would have expected, "a pale student." She had seen his curate, and Kingsley was as unlike a pale student as any man who ever lived. He could be a student, and when, for example, he wrote *Hypatia*, his study was close, minute, incessant ; he has been known to turn over a whole volume of Synesius to search for a single detail. But his temperament
was

was artistic and impulsive. He delighted in outdoor life, in sport, in nature in all her moods and phases. His physical frame was powerful and wiry, his complexion dark, his eye bright and piercing. Yet he often said he did not expect a long life, and the end sadly confirmed his anticipations.

It is sad for those who knew his home in his own joyous days to visit Eversley now. A little time ago I drove past the parsonage and stood by my friend's grave. The picturesque rectory had a changed aspect, the creepers had been stripped from the walls, the lawn looked uncared for, and the garden walks were rough. The church was undergoing restoration, as it is called, all its individuality destroyed, and fitted for a far more ritual worship than was used in it of old. The rectory pew had vanished, scene in old days of a ritual usage strange in those days of careful observances. The then curate of Eversley was a deacon, and could not give the blessing from the pulpit; there was no place at the communion table for the clergyman to sit who was not actually officiating. Therefore, if the curate preached, Kingsley took off his surplice after reading prayers, and sat in his pew. Then, when the sermon was over, he rose where he sat, and gave the blessing to the people in his lay-cut black coat. It was thoroughly unconventional, against all ecclesiastical

tical proprieties, yet he rendered it dignified as well as touching. A generation has arisen to which a parson who dressed like a layman, and was impatient of ceremonial, who liked hunting when he could get it, and fishing always, who held all Church doctrine, yet was tolerant, loving, and tender to the most obstinate heretics, is a very singular phenomenon. Such a type of parson will become more and more rare as the strife between the lay and the clerical mind accentuates itself more and more. But it was a good type while it existed, the examples of it did excellent service in the world; and, though Charles Kingsley was much more than this, he was this also. At Eversley his memory will long be green, and he will live in the hearts of his people and his friends. His biography has taken its place among the records of those who have swayed the forces of their time, and when the men of our days are judged by those who can estimate them more calmly than we who are so near, others will be found more deep-thoughted, more logical, more consistent, but none more zealous for what seemed the right, more true-hearted, more loveable, than he who sleeps at Eversley, where on summer afternoons the shadow of the great garden fir-trees lies across his grave.

GEORGE ELIOT.

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WHENEVER the life of George Eliot is fully written, it is plain that the interest will be found to lie chiefly in the records of her mind, as shown by what of her conversation can be preserved, and by her correspondence. For of outward events her life had few. She shunned rather than courted publicity, and there will be nothing to satisfy any of those who look for exciting narratives in biography. The time, however, is not come for such a record. Her loss is obviously too recent to her own family and friends to enable them to sift and winnow with impartiality what may be at their disposal. We must be content to wait, and in the meantime merely gather up what may be known of one who has long been so much to so many. Here is an attempt to relate, as far as may be, what there is to tell of her life, which may give those who had not

not the great honour of her personal acquaintance some portrait of what she was.

No doubt it is difficult to judge those who live in our own immediate time. The greatest are sometimes hardly appreciated, the insignificant are given too high a position by those among whom they live. The sure verdict of the years can alone decide whether she whom we mourn was as great as we deem her. Great she surely was, with no ordinary greatness, who has so swayed the thoughts and moved the heart of her own generation.

Mary Ann Evans—not Marian, though this name was afterward given her by the affection of friends, and was that by which she frequently signed herself—Mary Ann Evans was born at Griff House, near Nuneaton, on the 22d November 1819. Her father, Mr. Robert Evans, who had begun life as a master-carpenter, came from Derbyshire, and had become land agent to several important properties in the rich Warwickshire district. The sketches of Mr. Burge in *Adam Bede* and of Caleb Garth in *Middlemarch* would give a fair idea of her father's life in these two positions, although it must not be for a moment supposed that either of them was intended for a definite portrait. Her mother died when she was fifteen, and among the most interesting facts of

Mary

Mary Ann Evans's early life is the deep love she clearly bore her mother. When she speaks of her in the autobiographical sonnets, however slightly, it is with the tenderest touch. There is one passage which speaks volumes :

Our mother bade us keep the trodden ways,
Stroked down my tippet, set my brother's frill,
Then *with the benediction of her gaze*
Clung to us lessening, and pursued us still
Across the homestead to the rookery elms—

and there is no doubt that the beautiful maternity of Mrs. Moss, the upright rectitude of Mrs. Garth, the tender spots in the heart of Mrs. Poyser, the mature beauty of Milly Barton, are all recollections of the mother she loved and lost. We do not at all know what was Mrs. Evans's age at her death, but we feel intimately persuaded that she was about thirty-five, the age at which Milly Barton died, and at which the still more beautiful and stately Janet repented, and became a noble woman. Shortly after his wife's death her father removed to Foleshill, near Coventry, with which removal her childish life closed. It is not unlikely that the time will come when, with one or other of her books in their hand, people will wander among the scenes of George Eliot's early youth, and trace each allusion, as they are wont to do at Abbotsford or Newstead,

stead, and they will recognise the photographic minuteness and accuracy with which these scenes, so long unvisited, had stamped themselves on the mind of the observant girl.

Maggie Tulliver's Childhood is clearly full of the most accurate personal recollections, not, indeed, of scenery, for St. Oggs is the town of Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, from which the physical features of the tale were taken. But her inner life as a child is described in it and in the autobiographical sonnets called *Brother and Sister*. The key-note of these poems is her love for her brother in childhood's days till school parted them. Afterwards came a greater separation, when

the dire years whose awful name is change,
Had grasped our souls still yearning in divorce,
And pitiless grasped them in two forms that range,
Two elements which sever their life's course.

The story of Tom and Maggie is the story of her own childish affection for her brother, and, with differences, the story of their later severance.

One more passage in her early life, noted in the sonnets, was remembered also in her fiction ; it is that on which she speaks of her own dread of the gipsies who played so large a part in Maggie Tulliver's adventures. The "Red Deeps," the scene of Maggie's spiritual awakening, were near
her

her own home, and had evidently been a favourite haunt of the real Maggie in childhood. So, too, the churches and villages, and the town described in the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, are all drawn from her own intimate experiences. Cheveril Manor is Arbury Hall, the seat of the Newdegates, Mr. Robert Evans's early patrons; Knebley, described in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*, is Astley Church, hard by; Shepperton, in *Amos Barton*, is Chilvers Coton, Nuneaton is Milby; and, indeed, it seems pretty certain, that many of the incidents, as well as the scenery, of George Eliot's early stories were hung on facts well known in Warwickshire. At the same time it was but little that she took from outside. The merest hint or sketch of one whom she had seen was worked up, by a creative genius scarcely matched since Shakspeare, into a picture which lives, a true memorial. It would be unfair to some of her characters, far too complimentary to others, to believe that they were actual. In the few instances in which identification is possible, the unlikenesses to that which served as the hint are greater than the likenesses.

Mr. Robert Evans was able to give his daughter an exceptionally good education. There were and are so many bad schools for girls that it was a piece of singular good fortune that Mrs. Wallington, at Nuneaton, and afterward Miss Franklin,

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_____ the family
_____ of Coventry,
_____ introduction
_____ brother,
_____ is a translation

lation of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, which had been intrusted to the lady he was about to marry, and who had before her marriage accomplished about one-fourth of the entire work. During a visit to Tenby with the Brays, Miss Evans became acquainted with this lady, and, on her relinquishment of the task in consequence of her marriage, took it up and completed it. This kind of literary work was then, as unfortunately now, sadly underpaid. Twenty pounds was the entire sum received for this translation, an excellent piece of literary work.

On Mr. Evans's death, in 1849, his daughter went abroad with the Brays, and stayed behind them at Geneva for purposes of study. Some time after her return to England, she became a boarder in the house of Mr.—now Dr.—Chapman, who with his wife was in the habit of receiving ladies into their family. She assisted Mr. Chapman in the editorship of the *Westminster Review*, and her literary career in London was fairly begun. Her work on the *Westminster Review* was chiefly editorial. During the years in which she was connected with it she wrote far fewer articles than might have been supposed. The most important of them were the following, written between 1852 and 1859, inclusive: *Woman in France—Madame De Sablé*; *Evangelical Teaching*, on Dr. Cumming; *The Natural History of German*

German Life; German Wit, on Heine; *Worldliness and Other-worldliness*, on Young and Cowper.

Two or three others have been attributed to her, but their authorship is not quite certain, and they are not, at any rate, works by which she would probably desire to be known, or which immediately and clearly prove themselves to be hers by internal evidence.

Two of the above-named articles especially deserve careful study by those interested in the after-career of George Eliot. It has been noted as a fault by many critics of her later style that she so constantly introduced illustrations from physical science; and it has been said that these have been brought in somewhat at random because she happened in later life to have her attention specially directed to such studies. Others, however, have not taken this view; they have believed that the studies were really a part of herself, and as such found expression in all that she wrote. In the article *Worldliness and Other-worldliness* we find the following sentences:

Where the fully developed insect is parasitic, we believe the larva is usually parasitic also, and we shall probably not be far wrong in supposing that Young at Oxford, as elsewhere, spent a good deal of time in hanging about possible and actual patrons.

And

And again :

He, Dr. Doran, has ascertained that the internal emotions of prebendaries have a sacerdotal quality, and that the very chyme and chyle of a rector are conscious of the gown and band.

Again, from another article :

The woman of large capacity can seldom rise beyond the absorption of ideas ; her physical conditions refuse to support the energy required for spontaneous activity ; the voltaic pile is not strong enough to produce crystallisations.

These are selected at random from many passages with a strong affinity to those to which so much exception has been taken in *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*. On the other hand, there are expressions about virtue or religion as they really existed, and not in the imagination of poets and divines, which are quite in the manner of her later works. She speaks of religion existing

in the emotions of a man dressed in an ordinary coat, and seated by his fireside of an evening, with his hand resting on the head of his little daughter ; in courageous effort for unselfish ends, in the eternal triumph of justice, in pity for personal resentment, in all the sublime self-renunciation and sweet charities which are found in the details of ordinary life.

It would take too long, however, to point out in detail the resemblances in style between the earlier and the later work. A passage from the
article

article on Madame De Sablé has a far deeper and more personal bearing. It is that in which George Eliot speaks of marriage. She is noticing

the laxity of opinion and practice with regard to the marriage-tie. Heaven forbid that we should enter on a defence of French morals, most of all in relation to marriage! But it is undeniable that unions formed in the maturity of thought and feeling, and grounded only on inherent fitness and mutual attraction, tended to bring women into more intelligent sympathy with men, and to heighten and complicate their share in the political drama. The quiescence and security of the conjugal relation are, doubtless, favourable to the manifestation of the highest qualities by persons who have already attained a high standard of culture, but rarely foster a passion sufficient to rouse all the faculties to aid in winning or retaining its beloved object—to convert indolence into activity, indifference into ardent partisanship, dulness into perspicuity.

We have made the above extract because it were pedantry, or worse hypocrisy, to pass over in silence the relation which grew up between George Eliot and George Henry Lewes, whose name she bore for almost the whole remainder of her life. It would be, moreover, to do her gross wrong; for silence implies that the position maintained in the face of the world, and never concealed, was one for which there was need of excuse. The unusual circumstances may demand a word of explanation, no more. Mr. Lewes was separated from his wife as completely as though death

death had come between them. There is no need to apportion blame or disinter the buried past, but all his married life was over. Without a thought of self, Mary Ann Evans entered into a relation which neither first nor last was considered by her wrong or blameworthy. Had she been free to do so, she would no doubt have thought it well to follow the usages of society and surround the union with all traditional sanction ; but that was not possible, and to her the union was permanent and sacred. It is clear that her view of marriage was not the conventional one. It is probable that only a series of untoward circumstances made her act upon her convictions ; but she carried them out openly and fearlessly, considering herself, and considered by her friends, as Mr. Lewes's wife, acting as a tender mother to his boys, who repaid her care with true filial affection. She sought no acquaintances, but to those who sought her she was accessible, neither flaunting her difference of opinion, nor concealing what was unusual in her position. If any were deceived, they were not deceived by her or by Mr. Lewes. Few would maintain that to every visitor at their house it was their duty to proclaim that the Church had not blessed their marriage. What those who came there saw was a companionship second to none in all "mutual society, help and comfort that

that the one ought to have of the other both in prosperity and in adversity." They saw a versatile, high-strung, somewhat wayward nature restrained, raised, ennobled, and purified by his association with her, so strengthened, so raised, that many who had only thought that they admired the intellectual dexterity and bright adaptiveness of the man were affected at his death by a thrill of surprise on finding how deeply they had valued and loved him.

The question has naturally some interest how far two persons of such remarkable intellectual individuality affected each other's work during the many years of their joint lives. Those who have read George Eliot's novels but superficially, and who have been acquainted with the fact that Mr. Lewes's studies lay very greatly in the direction of physiology, have thought that they discovered his influence in the many scientific similes and allusions which abound in her works; but they are wholly mistaken, as is plain from the passages just quoted. That each largely influenced the other is true, but the influence was the subtle effect of companionship and association, and certainly there was but very little of direct stimulation, or even direct criticism.

Mr. Lewes's character attained a stability and pose in which it had been somewhat lacking, and the
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the quiet of an orderly and beautiful home enabled him to concentrate himself more and more on works demanding sustained intellectual effort, while Mrs. Lewes's intensely feminine nature had found the strong man on whom to lean in the daily business of life, for which she was physically and intellectually unfitted. Her own somewhat sombre cast of thought was cheered, enlivened, and diversified by the vivacity and versatility which characterised Mr. Lewes, and made him seem less like an Englishman than a very agreeable foreigner. Was the character of Ladislav in any degree drawn from George Henry Lewes, as his wife first remembered him? The suggestion that she should try her hand at fiction undoubtedly came from Mr. Lewes. Probably no great writers ever know their real vein. But for this outward stimulation, she might have remained through life the accurate translator, the brilliant reviewer, the thoughtful poet, to whom accuracy of poetic form was somewhat wanting, rather than as the writer of fiction who has swayed the hearts of men as no other writer but Walter Scott has done, or even attempted to do.

In the maturity of her life and intellectual powers she became known as a writer of fiction. There are those who now regard the *Scenes of Clerical Life* as her best work. Beautiful as they
are,

are, that is not our opinion, and, at any rate, the *Scenes* failed to attract much notice at first. The publication of *Adam Bede*, however, took the world by storm.

As in the *Scenes of Clerical Life* the actual surroundings and the mere sketch outlines of many of the characters were drawn from her Warwickshire home, so in *Adam Bede* she has gone for her scenery to Derbyshire, the cradle of her family. That Dinah Morris was to some extent a real character has long been known. There was, however, but little direct portraiture, and as Shakspeare with the stories which formed the basis of his plays, she has infused and irradiated the simplest and commonest facts with her own light and warmth and eloquence. The likeness, however, was recognised at once. From a very curious little book, published in 1859 by Tallant & Co., of 21 Paternoster Row, called *Seth Bede, the Methody: His Life and Labours*, chiefly written by Himself, we find that Hay-slope is the little village of Roston, four miles from Ashbourne. Adam and Seth were Samuel and William Evans; but the Dinah of real life cast in her lot, not with Adam, but with Seth. The incident of their father's death is true, and Samuel Evans himself describes the process of his conversion, his instruction by "Mr. Beresford,

ford, a class-leader, and a precious man of God," and his after-career as a Methodist. The account of Dinah is extremely interesting, and, from the Methodist point of view, entirely confirms the description given by her niece. But the little tract quotes with the utmost coolness Dinah's prayer on the village green as "having been preserved," the real fact being that it is quoted bodily out of the novel; and of this Miss Evans herself says, "How curious it seems to me that people should think Dinah's sermon, prayers, and speeches were copied, when they were written, with hot tears, as they surged up in my own mind!" Perhaps the greatest compliment, though an equivocal one, that can be paid to a man's own compositions is that others should endeavour to steal them. This was the case with the novel of *Adam Bede*. Finding that the author desired to remain unknown, a poor creature, whose name should be gibbeted as Joseph Liggins, residing at Nuneaton, being in needy circumstances, claimed the novel, stating that, after the manner of Milton and other great authors, he had received for it a wholly inadequate sum, and, showing to various persons the manuscript which he had taken the trouble to make from the printed book, he asked and received certain moneys to supplement his publishers' niggardliness. His cause was en-

thusiastically

thusiastically espoused by one or two neighbouring clergy, and in spite of the real author's denial of Mr. Liggins's claims, a hot controversy raged for a time, the parties being sharply divided, as is the case in this singular country of ours, by their ecclesiastical differences of High and Low Church. In that Coventry neighbourhood it was perhaps only the publication of after-works, which Mr. Liggins did not see fit to copy, that entirely exploded his preposterous claims.

This novel showed the great range of characters over which the author's observations and fancy extended; they showed also her deep and wide sympathy. All writers but the greatest—a Shakespeare, a Goethe, a Scott, a George Eliot—take interest in their own class, their own co-religionists, alone. The others of whom they speak come in as the supernumeraries on a stage, to fill up the background of the picture, but those who bring them seem not to consider whether they are men and women with human hearts, or merely marionettes. But the great writer shows that even the humblest, “if you prick them, will bleed,” and discovers the human touch of goodness in the most unpromising characters—in the poor frivolous little Hetty, in the sensuous, pleasure-loving Arthur Donnithorne, as well as in Dinah and Mr. Irwine. The sole point, perhaps, in which her early country training comes

comes out, is the omission, or almost omission, from her canvas of the lowest stratum of country life, the agricultural labourer pure and simple. In English village life, along with perfect freedom of intercourse and direct plainness of speech, caste is even more marked than in the higher ranks of English society. The demarcations are not easily understood, but they are there, when, to the outward observer, the differences are not very plain between the sections of village ranks, as an undulating country may often seem a dead flat from the mountain height. The miller, the master-carpenter, the small farmer, are each more severed from the mere labourer than are the Mr. Irwines and the Squire Donnithornes, in whose case there is no danger of confusion. It is probable, therefore, that the few labourers whom George Eliot specifies are drawn as direct portraits; and she has made but few advances into the land which Mr. Hardy knows so thoroughly, and which is so peculiarly his own. He, and he alone, sees the English peasant as Shakspeare saw him, with all his accidental limitations, yet with his shrewdness, his pleasantry, and his human heart.

There is no need to discuss in detail novels which are the possession of all English-speaking people, which most of their readers believe to be of no ephemeral interest, but part of the abiding literature of the language. Enough to say that,
omitting

omitting the very highest and the very lowest sections of modern society, these novels present a photographic picture of English life which will give to the future reader the same sort of truthful information of the early Victorian time that Shakspeare's plays do of Elizabeth's England. We say the early Victorian age: we might even put the date a few years further back, because the quiet lady whose life was one of so much outward peace did not willingly describe the more strenuous aspects of our time. We hear but little of the steam-ship, of the railway, of the hurry of our London life, that London which, as a sponge draws water, seems to gather to itself the life-blood of the country. There have been greater story-tellers; we need only mention Sir Walter Scott. In individual scenes as well as in plot, Sir Walter, at his greatest, is greater. Nothing that George Eliot has ever written approaches the wonderful scene in which Jeanie Deans pleads her sister's cause before Queen Caroline in Richmond Park. But George Eliot has been, is, and will be, no mere writer who can amuse a leisure hour; nor is she only a literary study or an intellectual delight, her wish is fulfilled that she might

be to other souls
A cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty.

That

That the mind of her who penned these novels was profoundly religious, no reader can doubt; nor is it in any degree inconsistent with the deepest religious feeling that she should have translated Strauss and Feuerbach. To any such soul, in the struggle which attends an inability to believe what has been previously taught, the effort to clear the thoughts by the definite grasp of those completely opposed is oftentimes of great spiritual help. When, however, we attempt to define the religion in which George Eliot rested, our task becomes difficult. We find in her the most marvellous power of putting herself in the position of the holders of all creeds, so deep was her sympathy with every form in which the religious instincts have expressed themselves. The simple faith, half pagan but altogether reverent, of Dolly Winthrop; the sensible, matter-of-fact, and honourable morality of Mr. Irwine; the aspirations of a modern St. Theresa; the passionate fervour of Dinah, supplying by sympathy all that was lacking in external culture; all these were understood and revered by her. Whatever was most human, and, therefore, most divine, most ennobling, and most helpful, was assimilated by her. The painful bliss of asceticism, the rapture of Catholic devotion, the satisfaction which comes of self-abnegation, were realised by her as though she had been a fervid Catholic.

Catholic. But the ground-tone of her thought was essentially and intensely Protestant. She could not submit herself completely to any external teacher. Of Auguste Comte, whose system she more and more admired as the old creeds lost their hold upon her soul, she said more than once in the closing months of her life, "I will not submit to him my heart and my intellect." Her views on immortality are expressed in the great poem, great surely despite of some defects of form, which closes the volume, *Jubal and Other Poems*, so well known by its first line :

O, may I join the choir invisible !

It was an immortality which seemed to her to carry out most fully the great creed of self-renunciation, the giving all for others, hoping for nothing again, either in time or in eternity.

Not now is the time or here the place for direct criticism on her novels. Let this alone be said, that to me *Middlemarch* seems the crowning work of her life ; not, however, that *Daniel Deronda* showed any falling off of power, but that, in her eager desire to do justice to a great race, too cruelly misunderstood, she chose a theme in which the world at large was less specially interested. Her intellectual eye was not dim at the last, neither was her intellectual force abated, and it is possible

sible that she might have surpassed herself even as she was in *Middlemarch*. We shall never have an opportunity of guessing on imperfect data. Most wisely those whom she has left to mourn her loss deemed it best to destroy the small fragment which yet remained of a novel which she had begun, reverencing her own dislike of unfinished work, and what they believe would have been her own wishes.

Perhaps no one filling a large portion of the thoughts of men has ever been so little known to the world at large. Always in delicate health, always living a student life, caring little for what is called general society, though taking a genial delight in that of her chosen friends, she very seldom appeared in public. She went to the houses of but a few, finding it less fatiguing to see her friends at home. Those who knew her by sight beyond her own immediate circle did so from seeing her take her quiet drives in Regent's Park and the northern slopes of London, or from her attendance at those concerts at which the best music of the day was to be heard. There, in a front row, in rapt attention, were always to be seen Mr. and Mrs. Lewes, and none who saw that face ever forgot its power and spiritual beauty. To the casual observer there was but little of what is generally understood to be beauty of form.

In

In more than one striking passage in his novels Mr. Hardy has recognised the fact that the beauty of the future, as the race is more developed in intellect, cannot be the ideal physical beauty of the past ; and in one of the most remarkable he says that "ideal physical beauty is incompatible with mental development and a full recognition of the coil of things. Mental luminousness must be fed with the oil of life, even though there is already a physical need for it." And this was the case with George Eliot. The face was one of a group of four, not all equally like each other, but all of the same spiritual family, and with a curious interdependence of likeness. The four are those of Dante, Savonarola, Cardinal Newman, and herself. There is one such other group, consisting of three only. It is that formed of the traditional head of Christ—the well-known profile on a coin—Shakspeare, and St. Ignatius Loyola. In the group of which George Eliot was one there is the same straight wall of brow ; the droop of the powerful nose ; mobile lips, touched with strong passion kept resolutely under control ; a square jaw, which would make the face stern were it not counteracted by the sweet smile of lips and eye. We can hardly hope that posterity will ever know her from likenesses as those who had the honour of her acquaintance knew her in life. Only some world's

world's artist could have handed her down as she lived, as Bellini has handed down the Doge whom we all know so well on the walls of the National Gallery. The two or three portraits that exist, though valuable, give but a very imperfect presentment. The mere shape of the head would be the despair of any painter. It was so grand and massive that it would scarcely be possible to represent it without giving the idea of disproportion to the frame, of which no one ever thought for a moment when they saw her, although it was a surprise, when she stood up, to see that, after all, she was but a little fragile woman who bore this weight of brow and brain.

It is difficult for any one admitted to the great honour of friendship with either Mr. Lewes or George Eliot to speak of their home without seeming intrusive, in the same way that he would have been who, unauthorised, introduced visitors, yet something may be said to gratify a curiosity which surely is not impertinent or ignoble. When London was full, the little drawing-room in St. John's Wood was now and then crowded to overflowing with those who were glad to give their best of conversation, of information, and sometimes of music, always to listen with eager attention to whatever their hostess might say, when all that she said was worth hearing. Without a trace of

pedantry,

pedantry, she led the conversation to some great and lofty strain. Of herself and her works she never spoke; of the works and thoughts of others she spoke with reverence, and sometimes even too great tolerance. But those afternoons had the highest pleasure when London was empty or the day wet, and only a few friends were present, so that her conversation assumed a more sustained tone than was possible when the rooms were full of shifting groups. Those who knew her carried away from her presence the remembrance of a charm even greater than any which lay in her writings; of a low sweet voice vibrating with emotion; of language in which, without the faintest tinge of pedantry, every sentence was as complete, as fully formed, as though written in her own published works; of a knowledge and a breadth of thought which, had we not found them in her, the pride of the male intellect would have designated masculine; of a sympathy which never failed, a toleration almost excessive, and of a nature which, with all this weight of learning and greatness, was feminine and tender. Yet interesting as seemed to her, as well as to those admitted to them, her afternoons in London, she was always glad to escape when summer came, either for one of the tours on the Continent in which she so delighted, or lately to the charming home she had made

made in Surrey. She never tired of the lovely scenery about Witley, and the great expanse of view obtainable from the tops of the many hills. It was on one of her drives in that neighbourhood that a characteristic conversation took place between her and one of the greatest English poets, whom she met as he was taking a walk. Even that short meeting enabled them to get into somewhat deep conversation on evolution; and as the poet afterward related it to a companion on the same spot, he said, "Here was where I said 'good-bye' to George Eliot; and as she went down the hill, I said, 'Well, good-bye, you and your molecules,' and she said to me, 'I am quite content with my molecules.'" A trifling anecdote, perhaps, but to those who will read between the lines, not other than characteristic of both speakers.

In the May of 1880, Mrs. Lewes, who for some time past after her great bereavement had been again beginning to see her friends and enter a little into society, became the wife of Mr. J. W. Cross. There would be no excuse for attempting to penetrate into the home she recently formed, and in which, from accidental circumstances, a very few friends had seen her. This only may be said, that some of those who had loved her best, and had been a little inclined to doubt whether any second union would now be for their friend's

welfare,

welfare, found that all their scruples had been idle and gratuitous, that as the twenty years of her life past had been years of deep and true happiness, so a like period might have been begun, through which she might have passed to an honoured old age, sheltered and protected by the tenderest care and love. But it was not to be. Her health, never robust, had seemed to revive and strengthen in the tour taken to Italy after her marriage, but a return to the English climate chilled and withered her from the first. A winter, such as has been scarcely known in England within the memory of man, laid upon her, at its beginning, an iron hand, and only one fortnight after her removal to her new home in Chelsea, she sank from the effects of a cold which appeared but little dangerous at first. She was laid to rest by the side of Mr. George Henry Lewes on a day which was indeed calculated to test the love of those who wished to be present at her funeral. Yet the chill rain seemed to have kept away none who desired to be with her to the last, and to comfort by their presence those most dear whom she had left. Besides her husband and her stepson, there came members of her own family from Warwickshire, and it was touching to remember the closing lines of her autobiographical sonnets, in which she says :

But

But were another childhood's world my share,
I would be born a little sister there,

when the brother-companion of those years was seen standing by his sister's grave. There were those, too, who had only known her as an invisible presence while they read her books, to whom she had been the comfort and the help she most wished, who came to strew flowers on her coffin. Had she been laid in the Abbey, where some would fain have placed her, the funeral might have been more stately, but it could not have been more full of respect and affection and sorrow.

We have already said that we live too near the dead to gauge her place in literature. To many of us her conversation, which was even better than her books, her sympathy and large-heartedness, which were yet more remarkable than her conversation, and our great personal affection, may have in some degree dimmed the keen edge of criticism. I do not, however, think that this is so, or that the judgment of those of her own time will be very greatly reversed. Some mannerisms are obvious—mannerisms which perhaps prevent her, when she speaks in her own person, from ever being considered among the great masters of language; neither was she among the very greatest of story-tellers. When she deals with that which was originally

originally unfamiliar to her, as in *Romola*, the effort of preparation is somewhat too visible, the topographical and antiquarian learning too little spontaneous. In poetry, the thought was over-great for the somewhat unfamiliar element in which it moved, and brought to the reader a certain sense of stiffness or constraint. The canvas on which she worked, as suited to our age, was not the canvas of Æschylus, of Dante, or that on which Shakspeare, who worked in all kinds of art, drew the figures of Lear, of Lady Macbeth, and of Othello. But in the description of the tragedy which underlies so much of human life, however quiet-seeming, in the subtle analysis of character, in the light touch which unravels the web of complex human motives, she seems to us absolutely unrivalled in our English tongue, except by him who is unrivalled in all the branches of his art, the mighty master Shakspeare. No ; history will not reverse the judgment of our time, and generations to come may find pleasure in tracing the resemblances, with all their unlikeness, between her and the great dramatist, and in recognising how thoroughly English were the minds of both. They were cradled in the same county ; they were nursed by the same outward influences ; the same forest of Arden—for Shakspeare's Arden is in reality the Warwickshire, not the French
one

one—the same forest of Arden was round them both, the same forms of gently sloping hills and fields; and the scenes of George Eliot's youth reproduced in the novels may be joined, and joined easily, with the pilgrimages from afar to Charlecote and to Stratford. That is for the future; but for those who knew herself, admiration of her genius is secondary in their minds to regret for loss. They think less of the words preserved on the lasting page for many generations to come than of the low sweet voice which so often thrilled them as it uttered words of welcome, and wisdom, and sympathy; of the bright home, so easily accessible, and so often opened to the young, beginning their London career all the more hopefully because George Eliot and George Henry Lewes had given them encouragement; of the new home she had made, to leave it soon so desolate, and of the new friend they had gained, with whom to sympathise when he was so untimely and unexpectedly left alone.

Many who knew George Eliot can use no more fitting words in regard to her than those in which one, a gifted woman also, has recorded her own feelings on the death of a great man who was her master and her friend:

I am not proud for anything of mine,
Done, dreamed, or suffered, but for this alone:

That

That the great orb of that great human soul
Did once deflect and draw this orb of mine,
Until it touched and trembled on the line
By which my orbit crossed the plane of his ;
And heard the music of that glorious sphere
Resound a moment ; and so passed again,
Vibrating with it, out on its own way.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

BORN 1801.

BY a series of events, none of them noisy or startling, but which have become historic, or, as some would say, by a singular leading of divine Providence, one by nature retiring and shy holds a position of higher dignity than any other, not hereditary, in England. A small room in a religious house, only technically differing from a monk's cell, is the home of the one English writer of transcendent intellectual and literary merit left by the deaths of Carlyle and George Eliot.

Whatever a man's religious or political opinions, —and the majority of my readers have different views to those of my subject,—that must be a dull imagination which is untouched by the ecclesiastical and storied splendour of the office of cardinal. The Pope and the members of the Sacred College alone are they whose dignity and influence go beyond the bounds of kingdoms or states ;

states ; they, whatever their authority, wield it equally in Rome, their centre, and Japan or San Francisco, points of their circumference ; their sway, being over the mind, is far more real than rule over the mere bodies of men. Yet, because of the once temporal dignities of the pontifical court, there still encompasses them, also, a state and a majesty which impresses the eye, and lends the sanction of sense to their intellectual empire.

In England, this historic grandeur has been strongly felt, even by those who most repudiate the papal claim, and, though somewhat illogically, men rejoiced and felt that Englishmen were honoured when spiritual honour flowed on Dr. Newman from an authority which they do not recognise. It came tardily, but the late Pope had not, perhaps, so fair a chance of discovering intellectual worth as his successor, and, more narrowly Italian, did not, it may be, fully understand so thoroughly English a mind as that of Dr. Newman. But if the dignity came late, it came at a good time. After many years of misunderstanding, mists have cleared off as, in the natural course of human life, Dr. Newman's sun draws to its setting, and the honour from abroad coincided opportunely with the full recognition of its recipient as one of our greatest, wisest, and best. Much of the improved understanding is due to the publication of

Apologia

Apologia pro Vita Sua, a fragment of autobiography written with rare courage and frankness, a work which has become classical, and is, or ought to be, known to all students of religious life, of psychology, or of pure and vigorous English.

There were some who desired that a critical analysis of such a life and character should be presented by one outside the Catholic Church, and I was consulted in regard to the writer. Certain names of persons, younger, indeed, than the Cardinal, but still workers with him in Oxford days, at once suggested themselves. These were interested in the desire to make their friend better known and understood, but the old days and times were too sacred in their memories, too dear and too painful to allow them, as yet, to treat of them in full. "The Parting of Friends," in the cases of which I speak, has left a wound fresh as though it were of yesterday. They who now know best Dr. Newman's life and mind are not especially qualified to write of the Oxford past, nor can they be free to speak of one, their master and their father, with whom they are in daily companionship. It was equally clear that such a memoir could not be written by any former opponent, then, as now, out of sympathy with the mind with which they would deal, nor, if there were such, by any once familiar

familiar friend who had lifted up his heel against him.

So, by a process of natural elimination, the thoughts of those old friends of whom I have spoken, and my own, suggested that the task should be mine. One word, not for egoism, but for explanation, of what I may know on the matter. My entrance into Oxford life almost coincided with Mr. Newman's secession. The high-church movement of that day had reached its furthest water-mark. It remained at the full for some years before the ebb preceding the new tide which we call ritualism ; all the doctrines of the movement had been settled and defined by the Tractarians, and in that full, still time, though Newman was gone in person, his was the one influence abiding in the place, his spirit and his name were everywhere. With it Oxford resounded, as Hebrus of old with that of Eurydice :

Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rang.

Dr. Pusey's was the name which stamped the Oxford movement in the country, but in spite of his long retirement at Littlemore, Newman's was the one potent memory in the university, alike a charm to conjure with and a dangerous force to execrate. The men who had been his friends were
kind

kind to me, a younger man ; the glamour which had attached to him wrapped me round. I well remember a home near Oxford, in which a veiled crucifix seemed to its possessors to have gained a special sanctity because it had been his, and many of us who attended his former church at Littlemore prayed all the more fervently because he had prayed there before us ; it was hard to say if the young zealots of that day loved St. Mary's most for the porch which Laud had built, or for the pulpit whence Newman had preached.

Having, then, had a clear understanding of these things from the first, from eye-witnesses and fellow-workers, my veneration and my interest have never flagged. But my interest then, as now, was mainly intellectual, not doctrinal. It is true that I now feel, even far more than then, that, granting the premisses, Dr. Newman's church is the only logical outcome of them ; but even then I scarce accepted the premisses with a whole assent. And there is no seeming paradox more certainly true than this, that a man may largely agree with and give full intellectual admiration to those with whom he remains irreconcilably at variance. So near but so far is not a contradiction in terms. A liberal of the liberals, one of those, therefore, falling under Dr. Newman's stern disapproval, with the affectionate sympathy of a pupil for a master whom he cannot

cannot follow, with genuine admiration for the subtlest intellect, the largest heart, the most unselfish life I know, I try to give my readers some faint portraiture of John Henry Newman, Cardinal of St. George.

He was born in London eighty-two years ago, the eldest son of Mr. John Newman, a London banker. His brother, still living, is Mr. Francis Newman, the well-known author of *Phases of Faith*. One of his sisters, Mrs. Thomas Mozley, now dead, was the writer of several exceedingly clever stories for young people, among which *The Fairy Bower* and *The Lost Brooch* are the best known. Some graceful lines in the second of these are understood to be by her brother John. That literary tastes and reading were not exceptional in the family shows, in a measure, the character of the home. The religious tone was what would now be called evangelical, and, indeed, religious earnestness in that day usually took no other form, save in a few nooks of cathedral cities, and in some old-world aristocratic families. But it was not of a narrow or fanatical type. Dr. Newman speaks of his having read "some romance, Mrs. Radcliffe's or Miss Porter's," of having been taken by his father, "who wanted to hear some piece of music," into the Catholic chapel in Warwick Street, and, in other directions than fiction, the boy's own reading was

was allowed to be discursive. Tom Paine's tracts, Hume's *Essay on Miracles*, some of Voltaire, all seem to have been studied without parental opposition, and, indeed, a father might well have judged that such a boy would refuse the evil and choose the good. For, from a child, he took delight in sermons and in theological reading—"all of the school of Calvin," and the same teaching had deep effect on him after mere boyhood; he went up to Trinity as a scholar, after education at Ealing School, near London, with the same opinions dominant in his mind. Yet, as Dr. Newman is himself careful to point out, he was, to a certain extent, eclectic in his acceptance of the theology set before him; he denied and abjured the doctrine of predestination to eternal death, nor had that of final perseverance any tendency to lead him to be careless about pleasing God. It had some influence, he tells us, "in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my distrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two, and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings—myself and my Creator." In this we may indeed see the boy of fifteen father of the man, for there is no single strain of teaching which so runs through all Dr. Newman's works as that of the direct relation of the human soul to God, its isolation from

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all else, however it may seem involved with others, "the everlasting face to face with God." And, even at that early date, a guiding fact was fixed as well as a guiding dogma. A deep imagination took hold of him that it would be the will of God that he should lead a single life. This expectation, which coalesced by degrees with personal decision, had a great effect in fitting him to be the guide and friend of many men. For the religious adviser in his ideal state must be celibate, free from other absorbing ties. Such an one is also able to contract friendships which are personal to himself alone, and not involved in the tastes and needs of others. Dr. Newman's friendships have been singularly firm and strong. The affectionate epithet "*carissime*" is applied to more than one in his published letters, and the love thus given has been returned in as full measure as has been compatible with other calls on the heart. He was surely in some measure describing himself also, when he spoke of St. Paul, "who had a thousand friends and loved each as his own soul, and seemed to live a thousand lives in them, and died a thousand deaths when he must quit them." But in friendship as in love the feeling is perhaps always stronger on one side than the other; there can be no exact reciprocity.

Mr. Newman's residence at Oxford introduced
him

him to wholly new ideas. The vigorous mind of Whately, the cautious shrewdness of Dr. Hawkins, the free speculations of Blanco White, whose tendency was not then as yet recognised, were among the personal influences which surrounded him, while the study of *Buller's Analogy* was "an era in his religious opinions." A time of change had begun for the university as well as for its new and distinguished student, who passed from his Trinity scholarship to a fellowship at Oriel. The old high-church tradition had never died out at Oxford; the daily chapel, so often a formal observance, still had its effect on many minds, and the whole spirit of the English prayer-book was realised with a vividness unknown in the country at large. There were elderly men linked by tradition to the days of Wesley, whose influence at Oxford was all in the direction of Catholic observance—men who walked out week by week to Godstowe on each Friday that they might dine off fish, who discontinued their darling indulgence of snuff through Lent, did reverence to the altar on entering church, and turned to the east at the Creeds. The bones had become very dry, but they were the bones of Catholic doctrines and observances, and the wind of change breathed on them—the same wind whose influence had already been shown in Scott and Wordsworth in the fields of literature. It is true

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men did not know it. The same persons, or those most closely allied to them, were they whom Dr. Newman calls unintellectual and "most fond of port,"—one of whom, when Dr. Pusey first showed acquaintance with continental literature, wished "that German theology and German philosophy were both at the bottom of the German ocean." Many of them opposed the innovators who fully restored their own imperfect tradition, but they yet made it possible that the new revival should for a time remain, as Wesley had remained, within the boundaries of Oxford and the English Church.

In 1828, Mr. Newman became vicar of St. Mary's. Though the nave is used as the university church, and in it are preached the majority of sermons delivered to the university as such, St. Mary's is really the church of a very small parish, the area of which is covered by Oriel and St. Mary's Hall, together with a few houses in the High Street and Oriel Lane. To it was attached the then small hamlet of Littlemore, on rising ground about three miles from Oxford—a spot which was to become famous, and, when Mr. Newman had left the English Church, almost a place of pilgrimage for enthusiastic young Oxford men who loved his memory. He says himself: "It was at this time that I began to have influence, which steadily increased for a course of years." This influence was gained,

gained, first, by his sermons; secondly, by the boundless sympathy which he showed to those who, recognising from his pulpit-teaching his great knowledge of the human heart, came to lay bare before him their troubles and ask his advice. As his view of the dignity and power of his office deepened, his ministrations assumed more and more a sacerdotal character. Private confession had perhaps never become wholly extinct in the Church of England, but it had certainly been confined to extremely rare occasions. Mr. Newman and his friends were the first, for many years, to make it habitual; and independent of its theological character, this close intercourse between themselves and younger men became one of the modes of breaking down the fence which had so long divided the don from the undergraduate. That moral, social, and intellectual sympathy which has of late years characterised the relations of tutor and pupil has been manifested in various forms. It passed in its early stages into the relation of priest and penitent, and in some instances the confessional was the way in which it began.

We have evidence of the power of Newman's preaching, not only in those ten eloquent volumes which all may read for themselves, but from his own description and from the unwilling testimony of his enemies. When, many years later than the
time

time of which we are now speaking, he preached at Littlemore his sermon on *The Parting of Friends*, the speaker and the hearers alike knowing that it was his farewell to them and to the English Church, he used the following words :

And, O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act ; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know ; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading ; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see ; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed ; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him ; remember such an one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it.

Mr. J. A. Froude, a younger brother of one of Newman's dearest friends, himself in a measure and for a time his disciple, wrote in the once widely known romance, now forgotten, *The Nemesis of Faith*, of "that voice so keen, so preternaturally sweet, whose very whisper used to thrill through crowded churches, when every breath was held to hear ; that calm grey eye ; those features, so stern, and yet so gentle !"

Mr. Kingsley, though of the sister university,
knew

knew well the sway that was exercised over men of his own age at Oxford when he, too, characterised that wonderful preaching in terms at once of strong condemnation and unwilling admiration ; and neither of the descriptions is in any degree overstrained. The reader may begin by thinking the sermons cold ; so, in some cases, did their hearers, for there is little attempt at rhetoric : profound thoughts and logical conclusions are stated in the simplest and most direct words. By degrees, only, did the hearer or does the reader find himself, by accepting simple premisses, implicated in the web of a relentless logic, and fused in the fire of the preacher's intense conviction. Now and then, indeed, as if unconsciously, the words rise to a lofty strain almost unequalled in the language, though even then the style is severe and simple, stripped of all those ornaments which men usually regard as eloquence. One such example is the passage on music in the University Sermon on *The Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrines* :

Let us take another instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified ; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale ; make them fourteen ; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise ! What science brings so much out of so little ? Out of what poor elements does
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some great master in it create his new world ! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day without reality, without meaning ? We may do so ; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words ; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance ; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes ? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself ? It is not so ; it cannot be. No ; they have escaped from some higher sphere ; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound ; they are echoes from our Home, they are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes ; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.

It is no part of my intention to tell over again, save in small measure, the story of the Tractarian movement, so well told by Dr. Newman himself in the *Apologia*. The masterly sketches of Pusey, Keble,

Keble, Froude, and others in that work leave nothing to be desired. But though these were the leaders, the party itself was not definitely formed for five years after Mr. Newman became vicar of St. Mary's. The year before this event, the *vates sacer* had indeed appeared, *The Christian Year* having been published in 1827. For six months previous to the definite formation of the party, Mr. Newman was not in Oxford. At the end of 1832 he stood in need of rest, after the completion of the *History of the Arians*, and went abroad with Archdeacon Froude and Mr. Hurrell Froude, for the health of the latter. His body was weary, his mind full of care; fortunately for us, he threw many of the thoughts of that period into verse—those short poems which afterwards appeared in the *Lyra Apostolica*; the most beautiful of them all, the well-known *Lead, Kindly Light*, was, as he has told us, written at sea in an orange-boat, between Palermo and Marseilles. He returned early in the following July, to find that the Liberalism he so much dreaded, and the reaction against it, had each assumed decided shape; and on Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached his celebrated sermon on *National Apostasy*, of which event Mr. Newman says, "I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833." The first outward and visible form of the party

party was that of an "Association of Friends of the Church." The leaders, or, at least, the Oxford leaders, determined to put out a series of *Tracts for the Times*, of which Mr. Newman was editor. They were published at varying intervals from 1833 to February 1841, the date of *Tract* 90. They were of lengths between a mere leaflet and a great theological pamphlet. They were written, some *ad clerum*, some *ad populum*. About half a dozen are, perhaps, still unforgotten ; the last only, *Tract* 90, is of any real historical importance. Before that came to be written, the party, with Mr. Newman in its van, had advanced far on the Romeward road, though he was not always fully aware of it. Three things during that time had tended to weaken his reverence for the existing state of things in the English Church and in his own Oxford, the visible embodiment of so large a portion of that church. These were the suppression of the Irish sees, which proved the church under the iron grasp of the state ; the appointment of Dr. Hampden, an avowed liberal, and, as Mr. Newman and his friends thought, dangerously heretical, to the Regius Professorship of Theology ; and, at the last, the establishment of an English bishopric at Jerusalem. It will be remembered that this last was brought about by the joint action of the Prussian and English Governments.

Governments. By such action, two important principles were violated. The Anglican Church, by acting with Lutherans, seemed to declare itself Protestant, to consider that Episcopal orders were no note of the church, but merely a convenient form of church government, while the ancient Patriarchate of Jerusalem was unchurched by the intrusion of such a bishop. It need hardly be said that against all these things the party protested, and protested in vain ; yet the more they felt the unsatisfactory state of things around them, the more they desired to reform the English Church. They held almost all Roman doctrine, but they were not prepared as yet to leave that which had been their home for so many happy years. The Articles were, of course, the great difficulty in their way. Though ritualism was not as yet, it was felt that there was nothing in the words of the services, or in the rubrics, necessarily inconsistent with the extremest developments of doctrine and ceremony ; but the Articles drawn up by Puritan divines were generally held to represent a totally different phase of thought. Was the Prayer-book, then, as it has been termed, only "an Elizabethan compromise" ? It has been said that Acts of Parliament are so loosely drawn that it is possible to drive a coach and four through the clauses of any one of them. Mr. Newman was about to try whether he could
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not drive his coach through the clause of an Act of which, on the whole, he disapproved. He tried, therefore, to discover whether within the grammatical meaning of the Articles it might not be possible to hold all Catholic doctrine; nor in this was there anything dishonest. In considering any legal document, "the legal obligation is the measure of the moral," to use the words of Mr. H. B. Wilson, at a later period. If the framers of an Act of Parliament decide, contrary to the desire of the promoters of a railway, that it shall not go through a certain valley, and it afterward be found that, through some error in the drafting, the valley is not exempted from its passage, no one can surely complain should the promoters, or their successors on the board, take their line down that valley, however much the inhabitants may regret that the Act was not more carefully framed. Mr. Newman wished to show that, in holding certain opinions, he and his friends were not what Mr. Faber, long years afterward, designated as "straying under the shadow of condemned propositions." He had not only laid down what he thought his party might legitimately hold, but he had cleared his own mind. He had rendered his own position unmistakable, and he had challenged his university and the bench of bishops. The other party was not long in taking up the gage thus flung down. The tract appeared

appeared on February 27, 1841, and on March 8th was issued a solemn protest of four of the senior tutors in Oxford. The senior tutors of the other colleges either agreed with Mr. Newman, or, at least, did not agree with his assailants. These grounded their interference, on the fact that the Articles were "the text-book for tutors in their theological teaching." They alleged that the tract had "a tendency to mitigate beyond what charity requires . . . the very serious differences which separate the Church of Rome from" that of England. They admitted "the necessity of allowing liberty in interpreting the formularies of the church," but demurred to the extent to which that liberty had here been carried, and, although the editorship of the whole series and the authorship of this tract was an open secret, it was yet necessary to call upon the editor that "some person, other than the printer and publisher of the tract, should acknowledge himself responsible for its contents." The letter was signed by T. T. Churton, tutor of Brasenose; H. B. Wilson, tutor of St. John's; John Griffiths, tutor of Wadham; and A. C. Tait, tutor of Balliol. Of these, only two were afterward found to be men of real weight. Mr. Churton accepted a college living, and died a year or two since. Mr. Griffiths has lately retired, full of years and honoured by all, from the wardenship of Wadham, but
neither

neither of them had at any time a claim to be called a theologian. The same, indeed, may be said of Dr. Tait, an energetic tutor, an excellent headmaster, and who, both as Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury, did so much to uphold the dignity, honour, and firmness of the English Bench. But we suppose that many, even of those who have the interest of the Church of England at heart, would think it, on the whole, well that her chief representative should be commonplace. The fourth, Mr. Wilson, was a man of very different stamp, a theologian, and, as a writer of graceful English, inferior to few. His Bampton Lectures, published not long after Mr. Newman's secession, were the nearest approach to a theological treatise, constructed on other than Catholic lines, that has been known in England for many years. His aim, as laid down in those Lectures, was to build up a Zwinglian school within the church, and a further development of his opinions was put forth in his Article in the *Essays and Reviews*, the ablest contribution made to that volume. Had his health lasted, he was the one man who could have given a cohesion and a headship to the Broad-Church party, which neither the mystical piety of Mr. Maurice nor the poetic enthusiasm of Dean Stanley was ever able to furnish. That river of thought has almost ceased to run within

within the church, or dribbles away in the little stream of followers of Mr. Llewellyn Davies and a few writers in the *Spectator*, while he, who might have been a leader, is stricken down by paralysis and weakness of brain.

It is uncertain whether Mr. Newman would have recognised that the tutors had any right to call him to account, but on March 15th, a more weighty appeal was made to him by an authority which he was bound to respect. The Hebdomadal Board, consisting of the vice-chancellor, the heads of houses, and the proctors, resolved, "that the modes of interpretation such as are suggested in the said tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object, and are inconsistent with the due observance of the above-mentioned statutes." On this, Mr. Newman at once informed the vice-chancellor that he was "the author, and had the sole responsibility of the tract;" and, on an appeal from his bishop, he discontinued the series. It was the second time that he had entirely submitted himself to the bishop's judgment, but, on the former occasion, the cessation of the tracts had not been required.

The *Lives of the Saints* is another publication with which Mr. Newman's name is connected
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about the same time. Although the tone of the "Lives" would now be recognised by most persons as Roman, it was undertaken in the same inclusive spirit as *Tract* 90. Mr. Newman started it with the idea that "it would be useful, as employing the minds of men who were in danger of running wild, bringing them from doctrine to history, and from speculation to fact; again, as giving them an interest in the English soil and the English Church, and keeping them from seeking sympathy in Rome as she is: and further, as tending to promote the spread of right views."

But no sooner was the *Life of Saint Stephen Harding* written, than persons of great weight decided that it could not proceed even from an Anglican publisher, and, therefore, after the issue of two numbers, Dr. Newman ceased to be editor. But men still persisted in associating him in their minds with the scheme; some blamed the series, because they thought of him; others wrote in it, because the idea had been his, and, if any were disloyal in carrying out the work which had been given them to do, their disloyalty was unfaith to him. Considered as literature, the "Lives" are of singular beauty and grace. It can scarcely have been anticipated, even by their writers, that they could ever be taken as serious history. There is little attempt at original research. Legend and admitted

admitted facts are mixed inextricably with one another.

On September 18, 1843, Mr. Newman resigned the living of St. Mary's. He says himself that the ostensible, direct, and sufficient reason for his doing so was the persevering attack of the bishops on *Tract 90*; the immediate cause was the secession to Rome of a young friend under his spiritual care. His parochial work was over, and he withdrew still more completely into his seclusion at Littlemore, where, for some time past, he and a band of religious-minded men had been endeavouring to lead a life more simple and more by rule than was possible in the ordinary social distractions of collegiate life. Here, thrown in on his own thoughts, which had been moving so long in one direction, it soon became visible to himself whither they must bear him; but he had not attained certainty; until that certainty came, he felt that he could take no further voluntary step. In 1845, he began his *History of the Development of Doctrine*, an expansion of his last university sermon, preached February 2, 1843, and this landed him with certainty in Rome. The book remains a fragment, but it is sufficient to sum up what he had taught, and to show whither all his teaching tended. The argument is flawless. Given the premisses from which he starts, his conclusions follow by simple rules of logic, unless it
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be held that an absolutely sufficient doctrine and teaching are to be gained from the very letter of the Bible ; and few but unlearned and unhistorical persons would be found to maintain this. If it be admitted that any one body of men has authority to bring out explicitly and infallibly what is implicit in simple statements and imperfect observances, the Catholic Church is that body, and the Roman is the true Church Catholic. The only escape from his conclusions is illogical, such as that adopted by one who, when pushed into a corner on a philosophical question, said, " I admit your premisses, I see the conclusion, but I decline to draw it ;" or there is the bolder but more scientific method of denying the premisses. But, in such a case, knowledge, certainty, and a great deal of faith are destroyed ; while all that remains is a hazy speculation and a hazardous hope.

Meantime Oxford was, as we have already said, still full of the spirit of him whose bodily presence was secluded at Littlemore. The tracts had ceased, but *Tract 90* was still alive and at work. In 1844, Mr. Ward, fellow of Balliol, published his *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and, as men gazed at the stately fabric raised before their imagination, it was plain that the church so described, if it ever had found realisation at all, had found it nowhere but on the Seven Hills. In this work was to be read

read contravention of the Articles still more alarming than that of *Tract 90*, because it was the language of an assailant, not of one who would fain find terms of peace. The party so long opposed to the movement endeavoured to procure Mr. Ward's degradation from his degrees, and they joined to the censure intended to be pronounced upon him, a condemnation of Mr. Newman. The number of pamphlets, addresses, memoranda, etc., which this produced was so vast that even a collection of some of the more striking fills many thick volumes, and there is no need to speak of more than two or three. One is remarkable as bearing out all, and more than all, that we have said of the love felt for Mr. Newman by his friends. Mr. Rogers, fellow of Oriel, now Lord Blachford, wrote a short appeal to members of Convocation upon the proposed censure of *Tract 90*, from which the following passage may be quoted :

Those who have been ever honoured by Mr. Newman's friendship must feel it dangerous to allow themselves thus to speak. And yet they must speak, for no one else can appreciate it as truly as they do. When they see the person whom they have been accustomed to revere as few men are revered—whose labours, whose greatness, whose tenderness, whose singleness and holiness of purpose they have been permitted to know intimately—not allowed even the poor privilege of satisfying, by silence and retirement, by the relinquishment of preferment, position, and influence, the persevering hostility of persons whom they cannot help comparing with
him

him—not permitted even to submit in peace to these irregular censures, to which he seems to have been even morbidly alive, but dragged forth to suffer an oblique and tardy condemnation ; called again to account for matters now long ago accounted for, on which a judgment has been pronounced, which, whatever others may think of it, he, at least, has accepted as conclusive ; when they contrast his merits, his submission, his treatment, which they see or know, with the merits, the bearing, and the fortunes of those who are doggedly pursuing him, it does become very difficult to speak without sullyng what it is a kind of pleasure to feel is *his* cause by using hard words, or betraying it by not using them.

But the most interesting now of all these papers is a little leaflet bearing only the signature “Nemesis,” and written by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, then fellow of University College. It is as follows :

OXFORD, *February 10, 1845.*

1. In 1836, Dr. Hampden was censured by Convocation on an undefined charge of want of confidence. In 1845, Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward are to be censured by the same body.

2. In 1836, the country was panic-stricken with a fear of Liberalism. In 1845, the country is panic-stricken with a fear of Popery.

3. 474 was the majority that condemned Dr. Hampden. 474 is the number of requisitionists that induced the censure on Mr. Newman.

4. The censure on Dr. Hampden was brought forward at ten days' notice. The censure on Mr. Newman was brought forward at ten days' notice.

5. Two proctors of decided character, and of supposed leaning

leaning to the side of Dr. Hampden, filled the proctor's office in 1836. Two proctors of decided character, and of supposed leaning to the side of Mr. Newman, filled the proctor's office in 1845.

6. The *Standard* newspaper headed the attack on Dr. Hampden. The *Standard* newspaper heads the attack on Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman.

7. The *Globe and Morning Chronicle* defended Dr. Hampden. The *Globe and Morning Chronicle* defends Mr. Ward.

8. The Thirty-nine Articles were elaborately contrasted with the writings of Dr. Hampden as the ground of his condemnation. The Thirty-nine Articles are made the ground of the condemnation of Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman.

9. The Bampton Lectures were preached four years before they were censured. The 90th *Tract for the Times* was written four years before it is now proposed to be censured.

10. Two eminent lawyers pronounced the censure on Dr. Hampden illegal. Two eminent lawyers have pronounced the degradation of Mr. Ward illegal.

11. The *Edinburgh Review* denounced the mockery of a judgment by Convocation then. The *English Churchman* denounces it now.

12. And if, on the one hand, the degradation of Mr. Ward is more severe than the exemptions of Dr. Hampden, on the other hand, the extracts from Mr. Ward give a truer notion of the Ideal than the extracts from Dr. Hampden of the Bampton Lectures.

"The wheel, then, is come full circle." The victors of 1836 are the victims of 1845. The victims of 1845 are the victims of 1836. The assailants are assailed, the assailed are the assailants. The condemners are condemned, the condemned are the condemners.

"The wheel is come full circle." Voters of the 13th take this

this in its true spirit—not as an idle note of triumph, nor as a merely striking coincidence, but as a solemn warning to all who were concerned then, to all who are concerned now—as a sign that there are principles of justice equally applicable to opposite cases, and that, sooner or later, their violation recoils on the heads of those who violated them.

“The wheel is come full circle.” How soon may it come round again? Voters of the 13th deal now to your opponents that justice which, perhaps, you may not expect to receive from them; remembering that the surest hope of obtaining mercy and justice then is by showing mercy and justice now. Judge, therefore, by 1836, what should be your conduct in 1845; and by your conduct in 1845, what should be your opponent’s conduct in 1856, when Puseyism may be as triumphant as it is now depressed; when none can, with any face, cry for toleration then who have refused toleration now; or protest against a mob tribunal then, if they have used it now; or deprecate the madness of a popular clamour then, if they have kindled or yielded to it now.

Making full allowance for the fact that the points in dispute concern controversy in an insular church, and that civilisation and culture have softened manners, there was much to remind us of the Councils of Sardis and Soissons in the existing state of Oxford when this question came before Convocation. The proceedings were brought to a summary and dramatic close by the proctors, Mr. Guillemard, fellow of Trinity, and Mr. Church, of Oriel, the present Dean of St. Paul’s, who exercised the power they possessed of interposing their own veto on the condemnation which would have been passed. It required

required no little courage to make this stand against an angry and excited majority, and thus to save the university from an unjust and dishonourable action—unjust, because a charge which had been virtually condoned was revived; dishonourable, because the blow was aimed at Mr. Newman through a second work, with which he had nothing whatever to do. How little, indeed, he considered Mr. Ward as the exponent of his own views is seen in the curious fact that, in the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, Mr. Ward's name is not even mentioned. When the late Dean of Westminster used to speak of these times, in which he, too, began to play a not inconspicuous part, he was wont to attribute the collapse of the Oxford movement to Mr. Ward's marriage, and to say, "*solvuntur risu tabulae*." There was, however, no real inconsistency in the fact that Mr. Ward, vehemently as he upheld the necessity of clerical celibacy, should have married so soon as he had convinced himself that Anglican orders were naught, and when about to join a church in which he would be no priest; but the event had its comic side, and might, perhaps, be styled the collapse, for the time, of Ward, though not the collapse of the Oxford movement. This really came from the secession of Mr. Newman. In that was gathered up and brought to an end the strife of many anxious years. It, and nothing else, made
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men who had followed him so long almost unquestioningly, ask themselves, "Am I prepared also to go?" and in the "No" of many there was not only the unavoidable pause, but a resistance to further advance. Those so long carried forward by the current were stranded and became fixed. The tide ebbed away and left them there. It gathered strength again and came on in its new phase of ritualism, but, opposed by them in some instances, has passed it, but not changed or moved them. Their convictions were fixed when Newman left; they have felt no further duty, as certainly they have had no inclination, to ask themselves again the questions of that time. It is not, however, unnatural that Dean Stanley should have taken the view he did. He was always a little inclined to minimise the Oxford movement. Great as was his tolerance when he looked at anything from the side of the affections, he was yet intellectually somewhat intolerant; with all his courteous allowance there was ever mingled a something of scorn for that which he did not wholly understand.

And so the end had come. The foremost man in the English Church was content to send for the humble Italian monk, Father Dominic, the Passionist, and, falling at his feet, to ask reception into the Roman Church. At the call of conscience he had already resigned preferment and leadership; he

he now abandoned home and nearly all his friends ; for ease he accepted comparative poverty ; for rule over others he took on him obedience ; "*et exist nesciens quo iret.*"

II.

For a while after his reception, Mr. Newman proposed to devote himself to some secular calling, but Cardinal Wiseman, in whose hands he had placed himself, decided otherwise ; and, indeed, it must have been obvious to all the leading members of the church which now had gained him, that so great gifts of preaching, such deep theological learning, so keen a power of analysing the workings of the human heart, should be available for the service of the priesthood. In the intervals of the close study at Rome which the change of belief required, he relaxed his mind by writing the extremely interesting story, *Loss and Gain*. A friend, also a convert, related not long since how, in the winter of 1847, he was a very constant visitor to Dr. Newman, and was puzzled at finding him so frequently laughing to himself over the manuscript on which he was then engaged, till he said : " You do not know what I have been doing. Poor Burns," the late high church publisher, " a convert like ourselves, has got into difficulties owing to his change of faith, and I am going to give him this manuscript

script to see if it may not help him a little out of them."

Of course, Dr. Newman is to be believed implicitly when he tells us that none of the characters in this little romance of Oxford life are drawn from nature; real persons were, he says, far from his thoughts. Free use was made, however, of sayings and doings which were characteristic of the time and place in which the scene was laid, and he admits that "it is impossible that, when a general truth or fact is exhibited in individual specimens of it, an ideal representation should not more or less coincide, in spite of the author's endeavour, or even without his recognition, with its existing instances or champions." And so it came to pass that, whether intended or not, the book was a presentation, on the somewhat lighter side, of not only the conflicting opinions, but of the men who had held them, in Oxford during the late years. It exhibits the author's good-humoured and more playful sarcasm. We shall see presently what he could do in this strain when he thought the time was fitting for its still more vigorous use.

The history of his religious opinions, we are told, ended with his conversion; and though this is strictly true, since he who accepts the Roman system accepts it in faith and as an unchangeable whole, yet that development which Dr. Newman claimed

claimed for doctrine in the church takes place also in the life of the individual. Each dogma which he held implicitly, some, perhaps, unconsciously, had to be brought out and formularised in his Roman retirement. Each that at first was only a faith had to be grasped afterward by the reason, and put into its proper relation with other tenets. Again, since his reception into the Roman Church, certain great doctrines, hitherto undefined, have been dogmatically fixed, and until they were so, he, with other divines, was free to take either side of the controversy concerning them. Before the definition of any dogma, it is in the very nature of things that the matter shall be weighed, discussed, arguments for and against heard. Hence it is quite possible that in regard to these Cardinal Newman's attitude of mind may not be precisely that which it was in the early days of his conversion ; but this is not to say that there has been any change in his religious opinions. What he accepted, he accepted once for all. His mind has been at rest. He has possibly not always seen the same aspect of divine truth ; the doctrines have developed in his mind as the whole system of Catholic doctrine has developed in the church at large. But all his mental progress must have seemed to him like stepping from firm to ever firmer ground, or, at least, to the increasing assurance

ance that under his feet was solid rock. For the Church of England, in so far as it had been possible to hold in it Catholic truth, and in so far as its offices had fostered devotion, he has been full of affectionate memories. In so far as it has been regarded by him as a Protestant establishment, he has had nothing but scorn. Two short passages will give his attitude of mind as he regarded his past from those two stand-points :

Why should I deny to your memory what is so pleasant in mine? Cannot I, too, look back on many years past and many events in which I myself experienced what is now your confidence? Can I forget the happy life I have led all my days, with no cares, no anxieties worth remembering—without desolateness, or fever of thought, or gloom of mind, or doubt of God's love to me, and Providence over me? Can I forget—I never can forget—the day when, in my youth, I first bound myself to the ministry of God in that old church of St. Frideswide, the patroness of Oxford?—nor how I wept most abundant and most sweet tears when I thought what I then had become, though I looked on ordination as no sacramental rite, nor even to baptism ascribed any supernatural virtue? Can I wipe out from my memory, or wish to wipe out, those happy Sunday mornings, light or dark, year after year, when I celebrated your communion rite in my own church of St. Mary's, and, in the pleasantness and joy of it, heard nothing of the strife of tongues which surrounded its walls? When, too, shall I not feel the soothing recollection of those dear years which I spent in retirement, in preparation for my deliverance from Egypt, asking for light, and by degrees gaining it, with less of temptation in my heart and sin on my conscience than ever before?

But,

But, on the other hand, he says :

We see in the English Church, I will not merely say no descent from the first ages, and no relationship to the Church in other lands, but we see no body politic of any kind ; we see nothing more or less than an establishment, a department of Government, or a function or operation of the state, —without a substance,—a mere collection of officials, depending on and living in the supreme civil power. Its unity and personality are gone, and with them its power of exciting feelings of any kind. It is easier to love or hate an abstraction than so commonplace a framework or mechanism. We regard it neither with anger, nor with aversion, nor with contempt, any more than with respect or interest. It is but one aspect of the state, or mode of civil governance ; it is responsible for nothing ; it can appropriate neither praise nor blame ; but whatever feeling it raises is to be referred on, by the nature of the case, to the Supreme Power whom it represents, and whose will is its breath. And hence it has no real identity of existence in distinct periods, unless the present Legislature or the present Court can affect to be the offspring and disciple of its predecessor. Nor can it in consequence be said to have any antecedents, or any future ; or to live, except in the passing moment. As a thing without a soul, it does not contemplate itself, define its intrinsic constitution, or ascertain its position. It has no traditions ; it cannot be said to think ; it does not know what it holds, and what it does not ; it is not even conscious of its own existence. It has no love for its members, or what are sometimes called its children, nor any instinct whatever, unless attachment to its master, or love of its place, may be so called. Its fruits, as far as they are good, are to be made much of, as long as they last, for they are transient, and without succession ; its former champions of orthodoxy are no earnest of orthodoxy now ; they died, and there was no reason why they should be reproduced. Bishop is not like bishop,

bishop, more than king is like king, or ministry like ministry, its Prayer-book is an Act of Parliament of two centuries ago, and its cathedrals and its chapter-houses are the spoils of Catholicism.

While it was still uncertain in what special post Dr. Newman's great powers could be used in England, he was attracted by the elasticity, beauty, and usefulness of the Oratorian congregation in Rome, and, with the full consent of the Pope, he was the first to introduce the Oratorians into England. The congregation of the Oratory had gradually grown up around St. Philip Neri toward the middle of the sixteenth century, and was formally approved in 1575. The Oratorians "are secular priests without vows, bound together by the simple tie of charity. Their aim is the conversion and sanctification of souls by means of prayer, daily preaching, and frequentation of sacraments." St. Philip made few rules, but would have these perfectly kept. The character of the Oratorians at this present day is as at their foundation; each congregation is independent of the others; each priest is free to go when he will; but the simple life that they live together is very beautiful, and the various works of preaching, education, and the like most efficiently and admirably performed. It is an interesting fact that Dr. Newman himself gives, as the remote cause of his attraction to the Oratory,

Oratory, Ranke's Sketch of St. Philip, *History of the Popes*, Bk. IV., Sec. 10, "On the Roman Curia." It had struck him while still in the Anglican Church. This was a curious passage in which to find the germ of a vocation.

While he was working at Birmingham, in 1851, occurred the first event which brought Dr. Newman again prominently before the world, from which he had to so large an extent retired. He gave a course of lectures on *The Position of Catholics in England*, addressed to the brethren of the Oratory, exposing in a lively manner some of the vast number of misconceptions which have attached themselves to Catholics in England. In words at once indignant and pathetic, he explained how a number of gentlemen who had devoted themselves to live a religious life, and who would build a house for their own accommodation, were exposed to the most malignant insinuations from persons "who peeped into the underground brick-work and were curious about the drains," to discover cells of imprisonment, or even places of murder, which must, they thought, necessarily exist in every Catholic establishment; and he was not unnaturally indignant that the religious world of Birmingham should consider that these malignant insinuations gained some colour from the words of those who, profligate in life, and false in tongue,
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had left the Roman Church, not because they were no longer able to agree with its dogmas intellectually, but because moral rules were disagreeable to them, and because denouncing an unpopular religion was easier than leading a virtuous and cleanly life. Foremost among these persons was a certain Father Achilli, an Italian, an ex-Dominican monk, who had been lecturing at the Birmingham town hall against the church he had left, and to which he had been a disgrace. "It is, indeed, our great confusion," said Dr. Newman, "that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him." What more he said need not be quoted; though necessary at the time, it is not now edifying to lay bare the scandals of an evil life, exposed as they were by a master of indignant eloquence. Every word of his burning accusation was true, and even less than the truth, but it was actionable according to our singular English law of libel. Dr. Newman was prosecuted, and by the Court of Queen's Bench condemned to pay a fine of one hundred pounds; but Father Achilli was disposed of once for all. The price was a cheap one to pay for having finally routed such a rascal, while with his exposure fell a large part of the hinted accusations against the Birmingham Oratorians. It is recognised by all fair-minded men and women that, in England at least, Catholics are much like other people, and that

that they do not, because they happen to hold certain opinions about the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, and about the supernatural in this world and the next, necessarily secrete horns and grow a tail.

In the same lectures Dr. Newman incidentally refuted one very common statement, which had been made in regard to his position as a Catholic in England. It was the fashion to say that a man of his intellect must have accepted the Roman faith with reservations; that it was impossible he could believe all the Church taught; that he was a Protestant among Catholics, holding only what his reason could accept, and leaving all the rest on one side; but the fact was far otherwise. Here are his own words in contradiction:

The Catholic Church, from east to west, from north to south, is, according to our conceptions, hung with miracles. The store of relics is inexhaustible; they are multiplied through all lands, and each particle of each has in it at least a dormant, perhaps an energetic, virtue of supernatural operation. At Rome there is the true cross, the crib of Bethlehem, and the chair of St. Peter; portions of the crown of thorns are kept at Paris; the holy coat is shown at Trèves; the winding-sheet at Turin; at Monza, the iron crown is formed out of a Nail of the Cross; and another Nail is claimed for the Duomo of Milan; and pieces of our Lady's habit are to be seen in the Escorial. The Agnus Dei, blessed medals, the scapular, the cord of St. Francis, all are the medium of Divine manifestations and graces. Crucifixes have bowed the head to the suppliant, and Madonnas have bent their eyes

eyes upon assembled crowds. St. Januarius's blood liquefies periodically at Naples, and St. Winifred's well is the scene of wonders even in our unbelieving country. Women are marked with the sacred stigmata; blood has flowed on Fridays from their five wounds, and their heads are crowned with a circle of lacerations. Relics are ever touching the sick, the diseased, the wounded; sometimes with no result at all, at other times with marked and undeniable efficacy. Who has not heard of the abundant favours gained by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and of the marvellous consequences which have attended the invocation of St. Antony of Padua? These phenomena are sometimes reported of Saints in their life-time, as well as after death, especially if they were evangelists or martyrs. The wild beasts crouched before their victims in the Roman amphitheatre; the axe-man was unable to sever St. Cecilia's head from her body, and St. Peter elicited a spring of water for his jailor's baptism in the Mamertine. St. Francis Xavier turned salt water into fresh for five hundred travellers; St. Raymond was transported over the sea on his cloak; St. Andrew shone brightly in the dark; St. Scholastica gained by her prayers a pouring rain; St. Paul was fed by ravens; and St. Frances saw her guardian Angel. I need not continue the catalogue; here, what one party urges, the other admits; they join issue over a fact; that fact is the claim of miracles on the part of the Catholic Church; it is the Protestants' charge, and it is our glory.

I must give one specimen, also, of how in these most telling lectures his pathos passes into sarcasm, his sarcasm into impassioned argument, when he endeavours to explain the manner in which the Church of Rome uses images; and in a passage of great humour he shows that the Protestant practice

practice is not so different as it is the fashion to represent it :

A Protestant blames Catholics for showing honour to images ; yet he does it himself. And first, he sees no difficulty in a mode of treating them quite as repugnant to his own ideas of what is rational as the practice he abominates ; and that is, the offering insult and mockery to them. Where is the good sense of showing dishonour, if it be stupid and brutish to show honour ? Approbation and criticism, praise and blame go together. I do not mean, of course, that you dishonour what you honour ; but that the two ideas of honour and dishonour so go together, that where you *can* apply, rightly or wrongly, but still—where it is *possible* to apply to one, it is possible to apply the other. Tell me, then, what is meant by burning bishops, or cardinals, or popes, in *effigy* ? has it no meaning ? is it not plainly intended for an insult ? Would any one who was burned in effigy feel it no insult ? Well, then, how is it *not* absurd to feel pain at being dishonoured in effigy, *yet* absurd to feel pleasure at being honoured in effigy ? How is it childish to honour an image, if it is not childish to dishonour it ? This only can a Protestant say in defence of the act which he allows and practises, that he is used to it, whereas to the other he is not used. Honour is a new idea—it comes strange to him ; and, wonderful to say, he does not see that he has admitted it in principle already, in admitting dishonour ; and after preaching against the Catholic who crowns an image of the Madonna, he complacently goes his way, and sets light to a straw effigy of Guy Fawkes.

But this is not all ; Protestants actually set up images to represent their heroes, and they show them honour without any misgiving. The very flower and cream of Protestantism used to glory in the statue of King William on College Green, Dublin ; and, though I cannot make any reference
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in print, I recollect well what a shriek they raised, some years ago, when the figure was unhorsed. Some profane person one night applied gunpowder, and blew the king right out of his saddle; and he was found by those who took interest in him, like Dagon, on the ground. You might have thought the poor, senseless block had life, to see the way people took on about it, and how they spoke of his face, his arms, and his legs; yet those same Protestants, I say, would at the same time be horrified had I used "he" and "him" of a crucifix, and would call me one of the monsters described in the Apocalypse did I but honour my living Lord as they their dead king.

In 1852 Dr. Newman, who had, both in Oxford and at Birmingham, shown the deep interest he took in education, and his ability as a teacher, was called from his post at Birmingham to be rector for a time of the Catholic University in Dublin. We need not deal with this episode in his life further than to say that his residence in Dublin drew from him one of his most interesting books—his nine lectures on *The Idea of a University Defined and Illustrated*, in which his recollections of what Oxford was at its best, and his former dreams of what it might become, were happily blended with a larger vision of some greater Oxford in a once more Catholic land. But after this short episode was over he returned again to his quiet work at Birmingham, content to be obscure and unknown, except to his spiritual children. Once more, however, by no means through his own seeking, he came

came forward in controversy, and was able to put before his countrymen a statement and an explanation of his life and his religious opinions. It seemed good to Mr. Kingsley, an eager controversialist, when anxious to maintain that truth for its own sake was not esteemed a virtue by Roman ecclesiastics, to put Dr. Newman's name forward as an example of what he was saying. It is probable that he at first used Dr. Newman's name only as a concrete way of expressing the Roman priesthood. It was the mightiest English name, but he could not have lighted on a more unlucky instance. The *Apologia pro Vita Sua* was the answer to what its author says "was the impression of large classes of men, the impression twenty years ago, and the impression now."

There has been a general feeling that I was for years where I had no right to be; that I was a "Romanist" in Protestant livery and service; that I was doing the work of a hostile Church in the bosom of the English Establishment, and knew it, or ought to have known it. There was no need of arguing about particular passages in my writings when the fact was so patent, as men thought it to be.

But the English mind, if suspicious, is not on the whole unfair, and it is quick to recognise the ring of truth. When, therefore, Dr. Newman at last spoke out, men saw directly that here was very fact. A life was laid before them bare to its inmost cell. Although the writer had for years felt "*secretum*

tum meum mihi," he at last spoke out all that he had to say, and his countrymen believed him. However they may differ, however some of them may abhor the opinions which he holds, however dangerous to the well-being of society at large and to many individuals they may think them, they have recognised that here at least is one who holds the opinions he does, because he honestly believes they are the best guides and safeguards to wandering men, because they tend to produce holy, happy, and consistent lives. There are few more touching dedications to any man or company of men than that in which Dr. Newman inscribes his *History of My Religious Opinions* to his brethren of the Oratory. I must quote the closing words :

In you—that is, in those to whom he dedicates his book—I gather up and bear in memory those familiar, affectionate companions and counsellors who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief ; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past ; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed ; and of all these thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who were once so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd.

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And so, having nobly vindicated himself, he was again silent, publishing only from time to time collections of his former works, and as a new contribution to literature *The Grammar of Assent*, in which he put forward arguments satisfactory to his own mind for Theism, for Christianity, and for the Catholic religion. Every intelligent Catholic would be ready to admit that, though in the Church faith is one, the schools of thought and shades of feeling are more than one; that the late Pope did not perhaps belong to the same school as the present, certainly had not always the same feeling and tone; and that it was unlikely that one called to the highest eminence in the church under the present Pontiff should have been selected by Pio Nono. It is said, however, by one likely to be well informed on this subject, that had the late Pope known, or been allowed to know, about Dr. Newman all that his successor knew, he would have probably bestowed the same honour. In his residence at Gaeta, in 1849, Pio Nono spoke of Dr. Newman in terms of high, even enthusiastic, admiration. But another school of thought was preponderant in his councils, and the Pope in Italy may not always have been conversant with English thought. None can fairly blame a dominant party for promoting its own men, but the party was narrow and provincial. As Dr. Newman has himself said: "The rock of St.

St. Peter enjoys at its summit a pure and serene atmosphere, but there is "—was then especially—" a great deal of Roman malaria at the foot of it." By the present Pope, Dr. Newman's long services have been rewarded by the highest dignity in his power to bestow. And he added to his gift by dispensing the Cardinal from all those duties and services which might have been burdensome to him at his great age, and to one who for so long had lived apart from the stir of the world in his peaceful home at Edgbaston.

It will not be to trespass unduly on his privacy to give those who have not seen it some glimpse of what that home is, and what is the life within it. Above the dingy streets of Birmingham, and within short distance of the open, still wild and beautiful country, spread the broad roads of Edgbaston, with their wide gardens and villas, their shrubberies which sift the smoke, and in spring, at least, are bright with lilac and laburnum. The Oratory fronting one of these roads, within sight of thickets and sound of singing birds, is an imposing brick building, with spacious corridors and well-proportioned rooms within. Each father has his own comfortable room, library and bedroom in one, the bed within a screen, the crucifix above, and the prized personal little fittings on the walls. The library is full of valuable books, many of them once the
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private property of Dr. Newman, now forming the nucleus of a stately collection for the use of the community. The quiet men who share this home come and go about their several businesses—the care of the school, whose buildings join but are separate from the Oratory proper, the work in the church, in hearing confessions, saying masses, and preaching. In the house the long *soutane* and *biretta* are worn ; to go abroad they wear the usual dress of the clergy in England. Perhaps it is the dinner hour, and the silent figures pass along the galleries to the refectory, a lofty room with many small tables, and a pulpit at one end opposite the tables. At one of these sits the superior alone, clad like the rest, save the red lines of his *biretta* which mark his cardinal's rank. But among his children, and in his home, he is still more the superior and the father than a prince of the church. At a table near him may, perhaps, be a guest, and at others, the members of the community, two and two. The meal is served by two of the fathers who take this office in turn, and it is only of late that Dr. Newman has himself ceased to take his part in this brotherly service, owing to his advanced years. During the meal a novice reads from the pulpit a chapter of the Bible, then a short passage from the life of St. Philip Neri, and then from some book, religious or secular, of general interest. The silence
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is otherwise unbroken save for the words needful in serving the meal. Toward the end, one of the fathers proposes two questions for discussion, or rather, for utterance of opinion. On one day there was a point of Biblical criticism proposed, and one of ecclesiastical etiquette, if the word may be allowed, whether, if a priest called in haste to administer Extreme Unction, did so inadvertently with the sacred oil set apart for another purpose, instead of that for Unction, the act were gravely irregular. Each gave his opinion on one or other of these questions, the Cardinal on the first, gravely, and in well-chosen words. Yet it seemed to the observer, that, while he, no doubt, recognised that such a point must be decided and might have its importance, there was a certain impatience in the manner in which he passed by the ritual question and fastened on that proposed from Scripture. After this short religious exercise, the company passed into another room for a frugal dessert and glass of wine, since the day chanced to be a feast, and there was much to remind an Oxford man of an Oxford common room, the excellent talk sometimes to be heard there, and the dignified unbending for a while from serious thought.

As might be inferred from the passage on music quoted above, which none but a musician could have written, Dr. Newman once took great delight
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in the violin, which he played with considerable skill. Even now the fathers hear occasionally the tones awakened by the old man's hand ring down the long gallery near his room, and know that he has not lost the art he loved, while he calms a mind excited from without, or rests from strenuous labour, in the creation of sweet sound. He is still a very early riser, punctual as the sun, still preaches often with what may be best described in words he has applied to St. Philip, "thy deep simplicity."

The Cardinal has of late been engaged on a careful revision, in the light of modern researches, of his translation of St. Athanasius, with notes of some treatises of St. Athanasius against the Arians. He regards this as the end of his life's work—a life which is now appreciated and honoured not only by his spiritual sons, but by all fair-minded men of English speech.

May he long remain in the possession of bodily ease and intellectual vigour! Long may it be before any life of him has to be written! Till that day comes, when his loving friends shall gather such private letters and memoranda as he may have desired should be given to the world, he who would speak of Cardinal Newman is bound, whatever his sources of information, to trench but little on any but published matter. One such paper, however, may be given. The following memorandum

andum was written in answer to an inquirer, who wished to know the Catholic view on certain subjects, not in themselves the most important, but which were at the time of interest to him, and each of which answered incidentally several other questions of the same sort. With these few words of explanation the following paper explains itself :

Very little has been formally determined by the church on the subject of the authority of Scripture further than this, that it is one of the two channels given to us by which the *salutaris veritas* and the *morum disciplina*, in the words of the Council of Trent, which our Lord and his apostles taught, are carried down from age to age to the end of the world. In this sense Scripture is the "word of God," *i.e.*, the written word.

There has been no formal definition on the part of the church that Scripture is inspired.

It is defined that Almighty God is *auctor utriusque Testamenti*. I do not know of any definition that he is *auctor omnium librorum* which belong to each Testament.

But it is not to be supposed that, because there is no definition on the part of the church that Scripture is inspired therefore we are at liberty at once to deny it.

1. First, St. Paul's words cannot be passed over *omnis scriptura divinitus inspirata*.

2. Next, the very strong opinion on the subject of the early fathers must be taken into account.

3. Thirdly, the universal feeling, or *ψόρονμα*, of the Church in every age down to the present time.

4. The consent of all divines, which, whatever their differences on the subject in detail, is clear so far as this, *viz.*, that Scripture is true. This, when analysed, I consider to signify this, *viz.*, " Truth in the sense in which the inspired writer,

writer, or, at least, the Holy Ghost, meant it, and means to convey it to us."

Thus, though it be not proposed to us by the church *de fide* that we should accept the doctrine of the inspiration of Scripture, only that we must accept all the church teaches us to be in Scripture and teaches us out of Scripture, yet it is a matter of duty, for the first reasons I have given, not to encourage, to spread, or to defend doubts about its inspiration.

As to the extent of its inspiration, I do not see that the Council of Trent speaks of it as the authoritative channel of doctrine in other matters than faith and morals; but here, besides the four considerations above set down, I would observe that it is often a most hazardous process to attempt to enunciate faith and morals out of the sacred text which contains them. It is not a work for individuals. At last it has been felt and understood that faith and morals are not involved in a doctrine which Scripture seems to teach, that the earth is fixed and the sun moves over it. The time was necessary to ascertain the fact, viz., that the earth *does* move, and therefore that the divine Spirit did not dictate these expressions of Scripture which imply that it does not, rather that He did not mean to convey that notion by these expressions.

As to the questions you put to me, I do not see anything in the text of Scripture which obliges us, or even leads us, to consider the six days of Genesis i. to be literal days.

The literal accuracy of the history of Jonah, or that of Elisha, rests upon a different principle, viz., whether miracles are possible, and to be expected. I see no difficulty in believing that iron, on a particular occasion, had the lightness of wood, if it is the will of God in any case to work miracles, *i.e.*, to do something contrary to general experience. And, while I say the same of Jonah and the whale, I feel the additional grave and awful hazard how to attempt to deny the history

history without irreverence toward the express teaching of the incarnate God.

It would ill become me to dare to pronounce a critical judgment on Dr. Newman, except so far as such judgment is involved in any account of the man and his works. The scales of comparison at the disposal of the writer are too small to weigh and judge so great an intellect, such deep learning, such subtle literary skill, as is possessed by Cardinal Newman. I can only say that, during the last few months, I have re-read a very large part of what he has written, always with fresh admiration and even wonder.

One word, however, may be permitted of Cardinal Newman, considered as a poet, in addition to what comes out incidentally in the foregoing sketch. If I have said little hitherto of his poetry, it is not that I am unmindful of it. Who can forget that the lyric *Lead, Kindly Light* has found its way into almost every hymnal? Who can ignore the wonderful *Dream of Gerontius*, in which the peaceful and beautiful side of the doctrine of purgatory is presented to all who can receive it? His poetry, however, is to be found chiefly in the beautiful thoughts scattered through his prose rather than in the form of verses. These have been the lighter flowers of his literature, and, graceful

